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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

ONE of the chief purposes of the New Deal, indeed the most important in the opinion of progressive thinkers, is its avowed intention to obtain a wider distribution of the national income. This purpose not only was clearly proclaimed by President Roosevelt at the outset of his Administration, but it is reiterated by him in his recently published book, "On Our Way," in which he states one of the three ends sought by him as "a swing back in the direction of a wider distribution of the wealth and property of the nation." In furtherance of this purpose the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is seeking a larger share of the national income for farmers, while the National Recovery Administration is seeking more for the lower-paid industrial workers. *The Nation* is entirely in sympathy with this effort, but in so far as it has been successful it has achieved results by raising prices. It has been in effect a sales tax, and the benefits for farmers and low-paid wage-earners have been obtained at the particular expense of the higher-paid industrial workers and the small professional and business groups. In other words, it has been a special levy on the lower middle class. The only way to make this burden tolerable or just is to accompany it with a drastic program for taxing the income and property of the well-to-do. This has not been done or even envisaged by the Roosevelt Administration. Neither the Senate nor the House revisions of the present income-tax law are adequate. The Senate's action in raising the inheritance tax is a step in the right direction, but its income surtax begins with too little gradation and does not cut nearly deep enough into the higher incomes. Senator La Follette's proposal to raise the surtax on incomes of over $1,000,000 from 55 to 71 per cent—and that is not nearly high enough—was defeated in favor of a picayune increase to 59 per cent. Not until the people raise a loud and insistent voice for a tax program aimed at the well-to-do can Mr. Roosevelt's avowed purpose of obtaining a wider distribution of the national income be realized in any but an inadequate and unfair way.

THE SENATE'S ACCEPTANCE of Senator Nye's proposal for an investigation of the manufacture of munitions in the United States is most gratifying. The Vice-President is to appoint a committee of seven Senators, and they have received sweeping powers to investigate all individuals and corporations "and all other agencies in the United States engaged in the manufacture, sale, distribution, import, or export of arms, munitions, or other implements of war." A second purpose is to report upon the adequacy or inadequacy of legislation for the regulation and control of the traffic in arms. A third is to inquire into the desirability of creating a government monopoly of the manufacture of implements of war and to submit recommendations in regard to it, while a fourth is to review the findings of the War Policies Commission and to recommend specific legislation. If the right man heads this committee and it means business, we shall have astounding revelations as to the character of the munitions trade and its menace to the peace of the world and to the United States.

WE WELCOME Postmaster-General Farley's intention to relax the ill-advised policy of curtailing service and employment in his department. In our last issue we pointed out that the federal government was the chief obstructionist in carrying out its own avowed policy of reducing hours and maintaining wages, and noted that the Post Office was among all the departments the worst offender. Mr. Farley justifies his new and more liberal policy on the ground of increased business. There may well be more business, but the new order requires no such justification. Indeed, the worse the condition of business, the more need there is for the government to maintain—and increase—the number of its workers. There is no way in which the government can spend money for unemployment relief more usefully and effectively than in its own services. Mr. Farley must have had his tongue in his cheek when in his new order he spoke of the "sympathetic cooperation" of employees and public in carrying out his previous cheese-paring. Although the public was only mildly eruptive over the inconveniences wished upon it, postal employees—especially starved substitute carriers—were vigorously vocal in their opposition to

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reduced employment and lessened pay, and their militant attitude was probably the chief reason for Mr. Farley's change of front. But it is to his credit that he capitulated gracefully instead of sticking stubbornly to a position once taken. Sometimes it is a merit to be a politician.

AS AN INDICATION of the temper of the people in the Middle West the attitude of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota is worth notice. For some time the Farmer-Laborites, with Floyd B. Olson in the Governor's chair, have been the controlling political power of the State, and have broken the old party fences beyond hope of repair. Ten years ago the Democrats practically abandoned the field, obliterating themselves as an individual party by supporting the then more numerous Republicans. Later the Democrats, or at least the dominant faction, decided they had more to gain by playing with the Farmer-Labor Party. In 1932 the Farmer-Laborites and the Democrats united in support of Mr. Roosevelt. Evidently the Roosevelt policies are not satisfying the Farmer-Labor group, for at the recent State convention a platform was adopted calling for the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of socialism, including government ownership of factories, mines, banks, insurance, transportation, and utilities. In consequence, the Democrats have broken away and are again uniting with the Republicans, or more correctly the Republicans are supporting the Democrats, as the now more numerous party. Governor Olson is a close observer, and in swinging his party to the left he indicates his judgment in regard to unrest in his neck of the woods.

FIRST PRIZE in the students' anti-war demonstration on April 13 goes to Vassar College, which marched 300 strong, with President McCracken and a group of trustees in the front line, through the streets of Poughkeepsie carrying banners calling for international peace. In New York City, where between 10,000 and 15,000 students from different schools and colleges took part in the demonstration, Columbia University carried off the honors in point of numbers, with a mass-meeting of 2,000 persons, including faculty members, which listened for two hours to speeches denouncing war, and sent a few hundred representatives to boo and hiss a counter-demonstration attempted by Eugene S. Daniell, Jr., famous as the man who threw a stink bomb into the New York Stock Exchange. The booby prize in the shape of a fine large onion was won by the mother of American universities, Harvard itself. There the young gentlemen who were not interested in the peace meeting, except to annoy it, amused themselves by shouting "Heil Hitler!" and by throwing eggs and tomatoes at the speakers. On the whole the demonstration was a huge success. It aroused a large amount of interest among students and faculty, it received generous notice in the press, it brought to a climax the silly season among deans of colleges, noticeably in the actions of Dean Gottshall of the College of the City of New York, who refused permission for a campus meeting and went himself to help the police suppress it when it was held despite his protests. There is every reason to believe that a strong pacifist sentiment exists among American students. The Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League, which sponsored the anti-war strike, deserve great credit for helping to make it manifest.

IT is generally conceded that the swellest party of the year—indeed, the most handsomely mounted social event since the war—was the reception given by the Soviet Ambassador and his wife to the elect of Washington. The old Russian Embassy was done up in new paint, resplendent iron grillwork, priceless Bokhara carpets, and considerable gilding. Three servants were required to dispense vodka to the thirsty guests, besides champagne and rare wines of all sorts; there did seem to be a slight shortage of caviar, but otherwise the affair went off without a hitch, and even Heywood Broun, that old hermit and eschewer of parties, had a good time. There were one or two noteworthy absentees: one was decorations from the breast of the Ambassador. Mr. Troyanovsky displayed not a single medal, although his predecessors in the days of the Czars had trunkfuls and wore most of them at one time. Also, if there was a delegation from the American Communist Party it must have come disguised in tails and white vests, because its presence was not remarked. Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart distinguished himself by being the only gentleman not in full dress—except, of course, the aforementioned Mr. Broun. But the finest touch of the evening was the clock on the mantlepiece in one of the drawing-rooms. It was an ornate affair, rather more ornate, indeed, than handsome, but it carried in high gold relief the monogram of the late Czar. The Czar's monogram commanded one room, the bust of Lenin another, and in between, the representatives of the people—of two peoples, in fact—walked about in tails and had a good time. No bombs were thrown.

WHOLESALE DISMISSALS of CWA workers who refused to take the "pauper's oath" have marked the transition of Civil Works to public relief in New York City. The "pauper's oath" is the means test devised by the local welfare department to comply with a federal ruling that jobs formerly held under the defunct CWA can be kept, under work-relief bureaus, only by showing proof of financial need. The questionnaire used is four pages long and asks more than 400 questions, although a few simple queries, relief officials now admit, are enough. It aroused a storm of protest not only for its irrelevance and impertinence and its threat to a worker's professional standing, but because it gave those who signed it the status of public charges. The latter objection has a serious national bearing. Some States, Virginia, for example, do not permit paupers to vote. "Pauper" or "public charge," the principle is the same. And nearly all States have laws limiting one's right to establish a legal residence in one locality after getting public relief in another. However, the objectors were ousted without regard to need. Delegates of the workers' union (United Action Conference on CWA and Unemployment), now demanding the reinstatement of those laid off, are told that the questionnaires must first be answered. Asked why a few essential questions could not be substituted, Home Relief Director Corsi replied that the thousands who filled out the original form would complain that the protesters were getting preferential treatment. Asked if they did not deserve it, for their energy and initiative, Mr. Corsi—who incidentally inherited this mess from a predecessor only a few weeks ago—made no answer. That it pays to revolt against arbitrary bureaucratic rulings is a lesson which few public officials care to have people learn.

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AFTER two and a half months of political maneuvering, some of it of the shadiest possible sort, Mayor LaGuardia's New York economy bill has become a law. The bill was considerably modified before it passed, and one wonders that the Mayor consented to receive it in its present emasculated form. As it is, after about a thousand jobs have been eliminated and savings have been effected by salary cuts and payless furloughs, there will remain a deficit of some twelve million dollars in the city budget. The 1934 budget was made up with an allowance of $23,900,000 to pay interest on city bonds in the so-called bankers' agreement; $50,000,000 has been allocated for the same purpose in 1935. It is evident that large additional funds must be found to meet these obligations. They cannot come out of the salaries of city employees; everything that can be asked of these persons has been asked. Some of this money must come from the taxpayers, and Mr. LaGuardia has already proposed a city business tax. It is expected that great pressure will be brought to increase the five-cent fare. This will meet with popular disapproval, which will react strongly against Mayor LaGuardia. It is hard to see why he does not take steps at once to head off this loss of popular support by a firm stand in favor of amending the bankers' agreement. This cannot be done except by the consent of the bankers, but there are a number of things that the Mayor could do to bring the bankers to terms. He might, for example, propose the establishment of a municipal bank. At any rate, along with the inevitable proposal to increase taxes should come a plan to loosen the chain the bankers have placed about New York's neck.

THE Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* which gave up its lusty, crusading birthright for a mess of Cyrus H. K. Curtis's *Saturday Evening Post* pottage, died last week after a varied and sometime honorable career of ninety-eight years—but, as Norman Thomas told the Academy of Political and Social Science, the loss to American journalism is not great, "because the comic strips have been saved." The *Ledger* was swallowed up by the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and the consolidation will retain the worst features of both papers, but fifty comics will be published every Sunday, and the circulation is expected to increase by leaps and bounds. J. David Stern's far-seeing *Record,* the only competitor in the morning-newspaper field, has taken up the gage of battle, and it too will print fifty comics, all different. A lively circulation war is obviously in the making, and perhaps it can be settled definitely whether there is any use in printing news at all or whether it would be better simply to print 120 pages of comics, as so many disillusioned newspapermen believe. But the death of the *Ledger* is proof in itself that the first duty of a newspaper is to print the news. The *Ledger* did not; it printed its own interpretation of the news. The *Inquirer* has been barely a step removed from the *Ledger* in reactionary policy, and that only because of the last vestiges of the influence of James Elverson, the onetime publisher.

PRICE-CUTTING is a subject on which the consumer and the seller will never agree. Your average citizen may admit on Sunday that it is poor sportsmanship for a department store to sell books for less than the wholesale price and make up the loss by selling something else for more than it is worth. In his thoughtful moments he will recognize the cultural value of the neighborhood bookshop and comprehend the piquant but persuasive logic which maintains that if that cultural value is to be preserved, the owner of the bookshop must be allowed to make a profit. But on Monday when the average citizen turns customer and wants to buy a book, or a can of sardines, he will be found at a cut-rate counter, first, because he has always been taught to get as much for his money as possible and, second, because he knows that is the only way he can make both ends meet. He wants, in other words, to have his culture and eat it too. For such reprehensible consumers it is well to have codes setting the price level below which they may not sink. The new booksellers' code provides that no book may be sold within six months after its date of publication for less than the price set by the publishers. That will certainly fix the unscrupulous cut-rate department stores. But will it send the customer back to the small shop to pay more for his books, thereby preserving our bookstore culture? Or will he merely buy fewer books? Time alone will give the answer, which will be particularly interesting to those who feel that even at cut rates the prices of books are in general too high from the point of view of cultural development.

FOR WEEKS, while we waited for spring, we followed with breathless interest the efforts of the Soviet Government to rescue the survivors of a shipwreck who were marooned on a cake of ice that was slowly breaking up and drifting toward the Arctic Ocean. Rescue planes darted busily back and forth above the polar waste in vain. Sometimes they got lost and did not turn up again for days. Sometimes they could not even leave their bases as blizzards raged across the top of the world. Sometimes there was no news at all in the daily papers. The suspense was terrible. We gradually began to feel as if *we* were living on an ice floe that was slowly but surely cracking and drifting and melting away at the edges. Every warm day filled us with apprehension; cracked ice in glasses made us as nervous as a cat. The night the ice broke under one of the wooden huts and half of it floated away we retired into our hastily improvised igloo and waited for the end. The rescue planes finally did arrive. By that time all of us, the survivors and ourselves, were slightly groggy from anxiety, exposure, and weeks of short rations. Dr. Otto Schmidt, the commander, had finally gone to bed with pneumonia and a high fever. It was a great moment when the deliverers appeared after two long Arctic months. But let the news dispatches of April 11 describe the unforgettable scene that took place on that ice floe which was *still* drifting slowly but surely toward the Arctic Ocean.

> On entering the camp the first thing Ushakov [the copilot] did was to call together all the members of the marooned group in a soviet. He then gave them a full report of the results of the Seventeenth Communist Party Congress which was recently held at Moscow.

What happened after that can at last be told, now that we have returned to America. We sealed up the copilot and his report in an igloo, took his plane, and with our departing foot gave the ice floe a gentle shove toward the north.

[Some figures in regard to Russian trade with Germany appeared in these pages in our issue of April 11. Through error the figures were given as dollars when they should have been marks.]

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It's Time to License Business

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returns from his bout with the fishes to a new Washington. In the last few weeks Congress has overridden his wishes in a series of measures not of vast importance in themselves but indicative of an effort to take back the practically autocratic authority which it vested in him last spring. This authority, of course, was never voted willingly. It was granted in a belief that the people demanded it and a fear of defying that mandate. Congress now suspects that the mandate is no longer operative. As Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* puts it: "The legend of invulnerability has been shattered."

But in our belief the President's danger from Congress is inconsequential beside his danger from himself. No defeat from outside is comparable to the defeat which he administered to himself in the automobile settlement. In that he allowed himself to be deflected from the avowed purposes of the New Deal to an indefensible concession to the demands of big business, which feels that it has now obtained enough in the way of recovery so that it can cut loose from federal assistance—and restraint—to wallow once more in its old familiar mudhole. Writing from Washington in the New York *Post*, George Durno offers the following explanation of the automobile agreement:

> Those who should know say Mr. Roosevelt privately—and bluntly—threatened the auto magnates with imposition of federal licenses to operate. And the manufacturers are reported to have blandly told him to go ahead and see what happened. . . . Bear this in mind, however—President Roosevelt and General Johnson didn't turn tail because they feared the auto industry per se. The movement to the rear was inspired by very definite knowledge that the auto men were merely a spearhead for big industry as a whole.

We are disposed to accept this as a plausible explanation, but we dissent vigorously from the conclusion:

> The Administration could have cracked down all right, but it knew industry had decided to stand its ground and see how much of a dent was made. This would have forced the issue in the grand manner. Unfortunately, it would have raised hob with the country generally. It was imperative to apply the old theory of the greatest good for the greatest number.

On the contrary, the defiance of the automobile makers was a definite challenge to the New Deal and should have been accepted. The time has come when Mr. Roosevelt must fight, even at the risk of defeat, or experience the far more humiliating and crushing disaster of repudiation by the people and relegation to the limbo of Just Another Politician. We believe Mr. Roosevelt's popular prestige is not yet seriously impaired. He can still reassert his authority in Washington, but he must fight big business to do it.

Mr. Roosevelt stands today precisely where Woodrow Wilson stood at Versailles. Mr. Wilson went abroad as the champion and the hope of the people of the world to contend with their industrial masters in the guise of a group of wily and sycophant politicians. Instead of fighting and if necessary disrupting the conference, Mr. Wilson conceded left and right in order to win his pet project, a League of Nations. He won his League, but only to find it and himself repudiated by his own disillusioned countrymen and to see the organization born as a sickly infant capable of no strong action. In a similar way, Mr. Roosevelt may for a time preserve unity in the Democratic Party and the outer semblance of the New Deal by a series of compromises with big business. But eventually—and possibly pretty swiftly—he will be discarded both by his party and by the public. On the other hand, he may fight for the New Deal, probably disrupt both of the old parties, and become the leader of the more progressive group in a realignment. Whether subsequently this new party won or lost, Mr. Roosevelt would be assured of an outstanding place among American Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt cannot be ignorant of the tremendous increase in the worldwide distrust of the efficacy of political democracy in an industrial system guided and propelled only by the spur of profits. Radicals have long held that in such circumstances government could not control industry but that industry was bound to control government because government was inevitably the creation and servant of industry. Fascists have lately expressed the same distrust of the efficacy of political democracy, but they have foolishly concluded that the remedy lay in surrender to the complete control of the privileged masters of profit-propelled industry. Mr. Roosevelt, neither radical nor fascist, still believes in the power of political democracy to dominate industry. He has a unique chance to give battle and test his philosophy. It may, not improbably, be the last such chance offered to an American President.

If Mr. Roosevelt elects to fight big business, he must use the one edged weapon which he possesses—he must invoke the licensing clause of the National Industrial Recovery Act before it expires at the end of its first year. Otherwise it will not be renewed by Congress, and the New Deal will soon be swamped in a series of long-drawn-out and inconclusive court actions, if it does not die first of administrative paralysis. Congress is thought to be ready to sabotage the NIRA if it is again opened for discussion. Mr. Roosevelt must defeat that plan not by refusing to put the measure again in the hands of Congress but by proving to the country that the licensing clause is capable of making the New Deal real and thus developing a public demand for a continuance of the power which Congress will not dare to ignore. Without question the licensing clause is the cutting edge of the NIRA. If Mr. Roosevelt invokes it in respect to any industry, he need no longer plead or compromise with business to carry out his ideas, nor rely upon the doubtful penalty of fines in case he succeeds in getting courts to assess them after a tedious and disruptive process of litigation. If any business under a license refuses to comply with federal orders, Mr. Roosevelt has only to revoke the license and thus end operation or carry it on under government direction. Undoubtedly exercise of the licensing authority conferred by the NIRA opens an avenue to executive abuses, but this is a danger that must be faced unless the New Deal is to be abandoned before it has been fairly begun.

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Hitler and the Vatican

SINCE Hitler's Germany concluded its concordat with the Vatican, conflicts and friction between National Socialists and Roman Catholics have increased rather than diminished. Indeed, during the last two months the rupture between them has widened so perceptibly that it is questionable whether the agreement between the Reich and the church will hold much longer. The struggle has narrowed down to one for control over the younger generation. The Hitler Jugend, in which the National Socialists have coordinated all the young people's organizations, insists on its right to dominate the 300,000 young men and women in the Catholic Youth Association. To Rome the Nazis had promised merely that these young girls and boys might receive a Catholic training. But the Catholic clergy, fully conscious of the permanent significance that lies in its cultural influence on the younger generation, demands a more complex relationship.

Cardinal von Faulhaber, who because of his important social and church connections can still say what others hardly dare to think, recently formulated the issue in these words:

> The reasons for the growing discord between our church and the present state are not hard to define. The program of the National Socialist Party propounds a religion that can never be ours. "There will come a time," it says, "when the German people will find a form for its understanding of God, for its consciousness of God, that is in harmony with its Nordic heritage. Not until then will the trinity of blood, faith, and state be consummated." With this conception of religion we have nothing in common. When the concordat was agreed upon, the church was under the understandable misapprehension that this heathen definition of faith had been abandoned.

That was unquestionably the case. Rome believed that the situation in Germany offered an analogy to that of Italy in the first years of Mussolini's rule. The Lateran treaty between Mussolini and the Pope reinstated the Holy See as the temporal sovereign of the ecclesiastic state. In Germany the church could neither demand nor expect a similar gesture. Yet it made the same concessions because it hoped that it would thereby automatically become a recognized factor in the new Germany. What it evidently failed to recognize was that the Nazi conception of Nordic superiority is inimical to the very essence of ecclesiastic religion. Its superman philosophy opposes not only democracy and socialism, with their fundamental belief in equality for all mankind, but the concept of an inherent brotherhood of all mankind, the Golden Rule of all Christian religion as well. To the believing Christian the Nazi theory that the spiritual attributes of man are eternally conditioned by his bodily heritage must appear as gross as heathenism.

But the Catholic church is more than a religious ideal. It is a mighty organization with tremendous material interests at stake. These interests it hoped to safeguard by coming to terms with the fascist state. That was its second great mistake, a mistake for which it is now paying dearly. By giving up without a struggle its vehicles of political expression, the Centrist and the Bavarian People's Party, it deprived itself of its most important bulwark against the National Socialist regime.

The Catholic church is not opposed to fascism. It made its peace with Mussolini and actively participated in the fascist domination of Austria. As fascism developed from a small sect to a mass movement, the church discovered much of which it approved and by which it might profit. Fascism may divide church and state and may deprive the former of some of its prerogatives, but it fosters religion and its concrete expression, the church, as the most effective means of bringing the masses to humble obedience to authority. Mussolini, the Anarchist-Socialist of an earlier day, introduced the cross into the classroom and religious instruction into the curriculum of every public school in the land. In the same way Hitler ordered that the schools of the country be permeated with religion—his religion to be sure—to lay the spiritual foundation for the acceptance of National Socialism's ideals.

The Catholic church in Germany is putting up a courageous fight against a state which in the view of the church distorts Christian faith with heathen perversions. Backed by Rome, it is today the strongest force that can be brought into action against the National Socialist regime. And yet it may take its stand in line with German fascism if and when the Hitler regime accedes to its demands.

In Sunny California

"THESE fellows have to learn that when we make no profits, they must be willing to work for even less than starvation wages." "We are interested in prices that mean profit to the grower and the shipper. Labor must be satisfied with what it can get—if anything is left." "It is all a matter of demand and supply. If there is more labor than is needed—well, that's just too bad; but under the circumstances, these people can't expect a living wage."

These ideas, expressed without hesitation to Simon J. Lubin, member of the federal commission appointed to investigate labor difficulties in the Imperial Valley, California, were uttered by fruit and vegetable growers and shippers, and show the ragged nerves and jittery state of mind out of which more troubles may spring when the melon harvest starts about the first of May.

The Imperial Valley is one of those rare spots of the United States where a crop can be made all the year around. Lettuce is followed by peas; peas precede melons; by the end of the long, rich melon season it is time to cultivate the ground for lettuce again. The work of preparing the ground and planting the crops is done in the main by residents of the valley. The harvesting is performed by transient labor, which moves from crop to crop, is housed at the expense of the grower, and must somehow manage to survive from the gathering of one crop to the ripening of the next. The low wages paid by the employers in the Imperial Valley have resulted in labor disturbances, attempts at unionization, and abortive strikes. The living conditions of the Mexican and Filipino labor which does the picking are foul and desperate in the extreme. There is not even proper drinking water, and the wages of something like a dollar a day—and often

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less than that—are obviously below the level of subsistence. On the other hand, the employers point out that they have lost an average of $3,500,000 a year for the past few years. Although the melon acreage, for example, has been reduced from 52,600 acres in 1930 to 35,700 in 1933, prices continue to stay down and profits to remain scarce. The reduction of acreage has resulted in a corresponding surplus of labor, which has added to the tension. Employers have made no attempt to divert the stream of laborers seeking work that has poured into the valley, and indeed it is generally believed to be salutary if two or three workers apply for every possible job—it keeps the laborers in their place and tends to prevent trouble.

The result of this combination of nature's plenty and the economic depression has been a great wave of labor unrest. Attempts of the workers to organize have resulted in the creation of vigilante committees which take the law into their own hands, do not hesitate to employ violent methods in suppressing meetings and coercing labor leaders, and join with officers of the law in the most severely oppressive measures used against workers who are seeking something more than a starvation wage. Eighty-six arrests were made in the valley in the fortnight between January 9 and January 22. Tear gas was freely used to break up otherwise orderly meetings. Guns were brandished without reason or restraint. And the culmination of the lawlessness on the part of peace officers and the citizens of the locality was the kidnapping of several persons trying to hold lawful meetings, one of whom describes his experiences in the correspondence columns of this issue of *The Nation*.

An appeal for relief from intolerable working conditions was made to the National Labor Board at Washington. A federal commission of three persons was named to investigate conditions in the valley, and its report, admirable in tone and containing highly intelligent recommendations, was made public on February 11. The report urged that the rights of free speech, free assemblage, and free press be preserved, that the federal government encourage workers to organize in order to effect, through collective bargaining, a suitable adjustment of wages and working conditions, that State and county organizations be urged to improve living conditions for workers, and finally that the growers and shippers be in turn urged to organize to consider the question of more intelligently distributing their crops, which would, in time, provide for a more humane and sensible distribution of the transient labor to harvest them.

The federal commission's report was received with distaste by the citizens of the Imperial Valley. The Associated Chambers of Commerce voted to denounce it; an attempt was made to break down the hotel-room door of J. L. Leonard, chairman of the commission; the newspapers consider the report unpatriotic and unjust to the growers and refuse to condemn the lawlessness of public officials and private citizens in suppressing meetings and strikes. Meanwhile the melons ripen. The workers are described as determined not to pick them for the starvation wages the employers will offer them. The growers are equally determined to stand no "nonsense" from the help. The most encouraging aspect of the situation is the recent appointment of Brigadier General Pelham D. Glassford, who resigned in 1932 as Washington chief-of-police in protest against the treatment of the bonus army, as federal conciliator.

Viereck Kisses the Rod

THAT New Age of Faith which both the fascists and the Communists insist upon ushering in is bound to introduce again certain delicate problems which have been largely neglected since the Renaissance established the happy-go-lucky maxim about being true to oneself. We have always wondered just what sort of spot the reconciled heretic found himself in when he was compelled to believe something he did not believe at all, but we are sure that we shall, from now on, have frequent opportunity to study the situation. Consider, for example, the case of George Sylvester Viereck, a prominent and indeed well-nigh unique example of the pro-Jewish Nazi. A few years ago he wrote in conjunction with Paul Eldridge a novel entitled "My First Two Thousand Years." Its hero was the Wandering Jew, and the Leipzig authorities have just confiscated all copies. What, under these unhappy circumstances, does Mr. Viereck do? Does he rage, as a bourgeois decadent full of rotten ideas about the individual conscience would rage, or does he even permit himself an "e pur si muove" while bowing his head to superior authority? He does not. He kisses the rod like a good Catholic, a good Communist, or a good Nazi. He says:

> Our Wandering Jew . . . refuses to accept any conclusion that cannot pass muster before his reason. . . . The National Socialist German Revolution is a conscious protest against the overemphasis of the purely intellectual point of view, as against the instincts and feelings which may be more infallible than reason. The philosophy of Cartaphilus . . . clashes with the conception upon which National Socialism is building the New Germany out of the wreck of the old. . . . For that reason it would seem to me entirely logical if she did not harbor, for the time being, so disturbing a guest as my Wandering Jew. What is the fate of a book compared to the fate of a nation? Although I have warmly defended National Socialist Germany, I do not accept its anti-Semitic doctrine. Why should National Socialist Germany accept my Wandering Jew?

Mr. Viereck does not explain just how it is possible warmly to defend a philosophy when one is opposed to one of its major tenets. Neither does he seem to perceive that the "fate of a book," instead of being of little account beside the "fate of a nation," may—and in this case does—imply the latter, for the simple reason that the fate of a nation which meets ideas with a bonfire is already sealed. Mr. Viereck obviously resembles Jonathan Edwards, who finally succeeded in persuading himself that he was willing to be damned for the glory of God. Mr. Viereck is also just as plainly a new Nathan Hale regretting nothing except that he has not more than one book to give for his country. Only one further stage is possible to the ecstasy of faith, and that is the one achieved in the step taken by Rasputin when he sinned repeatedly in order to provide himself with opportunities to repent and to receive forgiveness. Will Mr. Viereck write more books in whose suppression he can joyously concur? It is almost his duty to do so. Besides, suppression makes grand publicity for use in backward countries like the United States where the heretical works can still be sold.

Publisher's Note: Mr. Viereck has consented not to withdraw "My First Two Thousand Years." At all bookstores.

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Issues and Men

On a Certain Newspaper Proprietor

I HAVE felt keenly the death of James Kerney, the proprietor of the Trenton *Times* and the *State-Gazette*. This is not merely because of a warm friendship or because of Mr. Kerney's own personal charm, his rare wit, his unfailing kindness, his interest in everything and everybody. He was an example of the type of newspaper proprietor-editor we cannot afford to lose in that he felt deeply his responsibility to the community in which he was the journalistic autocrat, owning, as he did, both of the newspapers published in Trenton, New Jersey. There are so many proprietors today of a different type that one cannot deny oneself a feeling of personal injury that this particular man had to die at the beginning of his sixties. For he had the wisdom that comes with long experience, the unfailing patience which is a sign of true greatness, and a great intolerance of injustice and oppression. I do not mean that he was a flaming reformer with an eloquent voice to stir men's hearts or with a pen always able to rouse them to action. His best work was done quietly behind the scenes, where his influence was not to be measured by the fact that he was in command of two daily journals. But no one could go to him and appeal to him about some wrong and be turned away. Nor must it be thought that he was unwilling to attack directly and vigorously when occasion demanded. As a foreword to his remarkable book, "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," he printed these lines from Byron:

> Without, or with, offense to friends or foes
> I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

So it came to pass that his entire community and almost the whole State recognized that here was a great citizen. When the Governor of New Jersey chose him to be a lay judge on the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State, everybody applauded the selection. He served only two years in this position, but it was long enough for him to endear himself to the lawyers who sat beside him, and to enable him to bring about various improvements and changes in the procedure of the court. The loving cup that his associates gave to him when he retired was no idle perfunctory gift; it carried a profound appreciation with it. As a neighbor he was unsurpassed; every happening concerned him. As a journalist he kept his newspapers clean and honest. He was essentially a family man in the happiest of home circles, and he was never willing that the papers which were to come into that home should reflect the gutter. He was a churchman and devoted to his faith, but there was never anything intolerant about him. Mr. Kerney never sought office, but offices sought him. I have written before that he and Joseph Tumulty were the men behind the Governor whose name was Woodrow Wilson. To put it better, they gave the necessary political information and guidance to one who had for years been president of Princeton University but had remained ignorant of almost everything that was going on about him in the politics of the State and unaware of its chief political personalities. Here James Kerney subordinated himself with characteristic modesty, nor did he ever ask a favor for himself. But day after day his service was extraordinarily devoted. He could surely have had distinction and honor had he asked for them when Woodrow Wilson became President. He was without that kind of ambition. But when the President asked him in February, 1918, to direct the distribution of all official information regarding American war activities to the European governments, he went to France gladly and stayed there until shortly before the Armistice. The readers of *The Nation* will remember with what satisfaction *The Nation* announced his appointment by President Hoover as a member of the Haitian Commission; the success of that inquiry, which has led to the almost completed evacuation of Haiti, was considerably the work of James Kerney.

On almost the same day on which the news came of Mr. Kerney's death appeared the announcement of the coming demise of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, one of the historic American newspapers. One can understand best what kind of newspaper owner Mr. Kerney was if one contrasts his record with the mischief wrought by the John C. Martin–Cyrus K. Curtis invasion of daily journalism. Those men were without liberalism or vision, I had almost said without conscience, certainly without understanding of the real purposes of the American democracy, and were actuated only by the motive of piling up more wealth in addition to the millions that accrued from the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. They ruined the historic New York *Evening Post*, as they long ago killed the *Public Ledger*. Now they are turning into the street the men and women of the *Public Ledger*. Proprietors like these are utterly removed from the bulk of their constituents, from the real needs, the real ambitions of the people among whom they live. Theirs is the point of view of big business, of the rich and the privileged. Their motto is America by big business, for big business, with big business. They are of the men who have digged the pit into which has tumbled ignominiously the social system that they served and worshiped.

No, there is no value but only harm to the people and to the country in newspaper proprietorship of that type, and in the long run it cannot survive. My mind revolts from this record; it turns back with joy and satisfaction to that life just ended, so well lived, a life of fidelity, I should say of true service if that word had not been rendered worthless by its abuse by rotarians and chambers of commerce. No wonder there was such an outpouring of men and women of all walks of life. They knew James Kerney as a prince among men because he had a heart, because there was not a selfish trait in him, and because they could ever come to him for sympathy, for understanding, and for justice.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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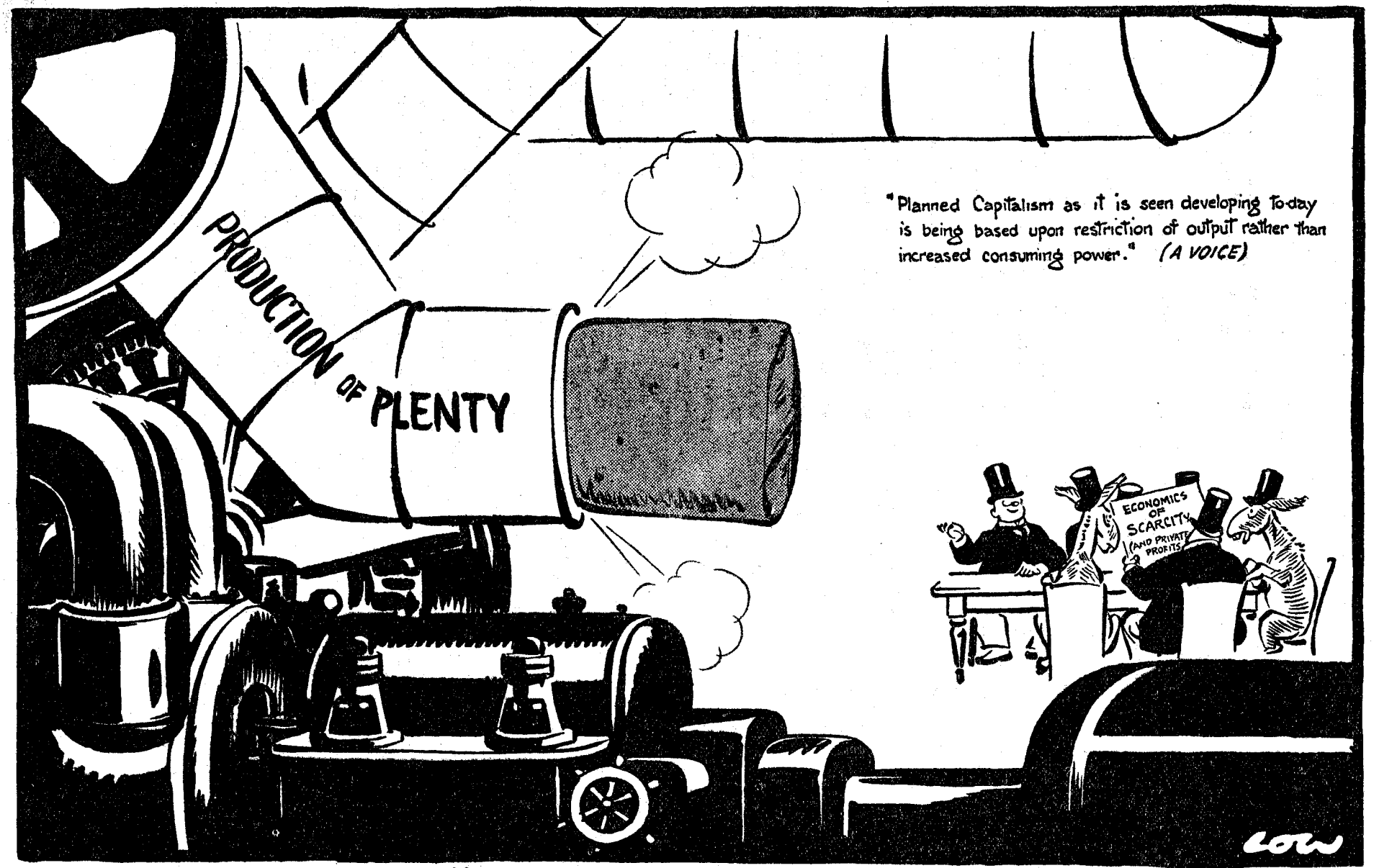
A Cartoon by LOW


PRODUCTION OF PLENTY
"Planned Capitalism as it is seen developing to-day is being based upon restriction of output rather than increased consuming power." (A VOICE)
ECONOMICS OF SCARCITY (AND PRIVATE PROFITS)
LOW

SOLVING THE PROBLEM WITH A CORK.

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Labor Seeks a New Messiah

By ROSE M. STEIN

Pittsburgh, April 10

IF an attempt were made to compile comments made in the public press since March 25 upon the automobile settlement and the 10 per cent wage increase in the steel industry, the volume, in terms of size, would probably be the largest that any publisher has ever attempted to put out. Yet in scanning these comments, one would find nothing that would give one a clear picture of what the rank-and-file automobile or steel worker, or the worker in any other industry, thinks of these two important events. Had the automobile workers gone on strike and taken, as was expected, the steel workers with them, probably half a million men would have been involved. What do these half-million men think, if they think at all, of the events that averted the strike? Do they think that the issue was really settled or are they merely biding time? True, mention is made of William Green's tepid enthusiasm over the automobile settlement, but that only raises the further question: What does the rank-and-file worker think of the American Federation's president and the part he played in this controversy?

To find an answer to these questions I covered a number of industrial communities. Steel, glass, and aluminum were the chief industries in the region. I sought opinions from various classes of workers, organized and unorganized, local union leaders and rank-and-filers, black and white, American and foreign. I made no effort to use a direct questionnaire method but I designed and conducted the conversations, so far as possible, to answer the following questions:

What do the workers think of the automobile settlement and what effect may it have upon workers in other industries?

What do they think of President Roosevelt, the NRA, and the attitude of these toward labor?

Are they satisfied with the stand taken by William Green in the automobile settlement and what do they think of him as a labor leader?

Are they satisfied with the 10 per cent raise and how close will this bring them to the pre-depression wage scale?

Basically there was little difference of opinion. Each community, however, supplied its own peculiar color. Duquesne, Pennsylvania, is the home of a Carnegie Steel Company plant that employs about 4,000 men, more than half of whom have this year joined the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. The incumbent of the town's city hall is the same Mayor James S. Crawford who during the 1919 steel strike boasted that "Jesus Christ himself could not speak in Duquesne for the A. F. of L." He has not changed his views in the last fifteen years, but the New Deal has made it necessary for him, and the steel company he serves, to employ somewhat different tactics. "You see," the men explain, often in broken English, "they don't exactly fire you, they just keep you starving. They give you maybe two days' pay. That's not enough to live on but when you come for relief they say 'too much earnings.' You know why? Because Mayor Crawford, he says, who gets relief and who don't. If they'd give us only one day's work we could get relief, but no, they make it two. You know, sometimes, by golly, I play sick and don't work second day, so I get relief."

What about the 10 per cent increase? They laugh good-naturedly at the questioner's naivete. "How much is 10 per cent of next to nothing?" asks one of the union officials. "Here's something that will convince you." He points to a stack of reports filed by some 500 steel workers. They give official earning figures for 1933 as reported by the company for income-tax purposes. They also show deductions, debts, and whether or not the men are, or have been, receiving unemployment relief. Fifty of these are picked up at random and tabulated. The secretary regrets that he does not have here the rest of the reports. They are at his home. "You'd see some real figures," he says, "debts that would knock your whiskers off." These fifty tell a sorry enough tale.

The year 1933 embraced nine months of the New Deal, six months of the NRA, four months of the Steel Code, and five and one-half months of a 15 per cent increase over previous wages in the steel industry. The tabulation shows that the average gross earnings per worker are $376.88, the highest being $614.94, the lowest $177.30. From these earnings was deducted in some cases $13.80, in others $27.60, for insurance, and an average of $11.70 for relief boxes given out by the company during "hard times." All the men listed are heads of families containing from three to ten members, with an average of six. Practically every worker, according to these reports, staggers under a load of debt far in excess of his last year's earnings. At one time more than half of the workers owned their homes. Many of the homes have been lost. Those who still hold on owe an average of $273.56 in taxes, others owe an average of $300 in rent. Approximately 75 per cent owe grocery bills averaging $165; an equal proportion owes large sums to relatives and especially to doctors and hospitals. "There ain't none of us quite own our youngest babies," one young Slav explains, "we owe that much to the doctor and hospital for them."

"Now you can see what we think of the 10 per cent raise and the New Deal, both. Sure they're gonna give 48 cents an hour but it ain't common labor they're paying that for. I can show you hundreds of fellows that do a skilled job for these wages." A Negro worker corroborates this statement. "Shuh enuf, I ain't no common laborer. I drives a crane and all I gets is $3.52 a day."

The president of the local is not altogether comfortable when asked point blank what are his plans for the future of the organization. He does not know. What can he do? He went to Washington and petitioned the National Labor Board to hold an election. Nothing came of it. "The international office of the Amalgamated didn't like our going there. They don't seem to like anything we do. I guess neither does Billy Green. That makes it even for we don't like anything he does. Here's one thing we are doing." He points with pride to a stack of printed postcards that are being distributed among the men to be signed and mailed. They are addressed to Father Coughlin and read:

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Reverend Father:

As you have supported our President and prepared the way in driving the money changers from the temple, we know that you can, by your support of the Wagner bill, bring the workers of our country out of the present existing deplorable conditions under which they have been working. As you favor the six-hour day and the thirty-hour week at a saving wage, we are supporting you.

"Why don't you petition the President directly?"

"Father Coughlin seems more like the workingman's friend," is the reply.

In Weirton, West Virginia, "Billy" Long, fiery Irish leader of the local Amalgamated, who weighs 128 pounds and holds the world's record for steel rolling, has a hard time keeping up his courage although he takes good care not to let any of his men know it. "Yes," he admits, "we have been let down by the President, by Senator Wagner, and by the whole machinery on which we pinned our hopes. That automobile settlement is the worst sock in the eye labor got in a long time. And they expect a 10 per cent raise will cover it all up!" Mr. Weir made the statement that this increase would restore the wage level to the one "effective during the boom years of 1926-29." The Weirton workers can't quite figure this out. The schedule they have tells a different story. It runs something like this:

	Wage Scales and Earnings in	
	1926-1929	*1934 including 10 per cent raise*
Common labor	50 cents an hour	46¾ cents an hour
	60-hr. wk.—$30	40-hr. wk.—$18.70
Millwrights		
day turn	49½ cents an hour	46¾ cents an hour
	60-hr. wk.—$29.70	40-hr. wk.—$18.70
night turn	54½ cents an hour	46¾ cents an hour
	60-hr. wk.—$32.70	40-hr. wk.—$18.70
Machinist	76 cents an hour	73 cents an hour
	68-hr. wk.—$51.68	40-hr. wk.—$29.20
Blacksmith	69 cents an hour	64 cents an hour
	68-hr. wk.—$46.92	40-hr. wk.—$25.60
Tonnage		
Process No. 1 per	100 ton—$4.37	$3.63
" No. 2 "	100 ton—3.30	2.86

It is much the same story in other mill towns. In McKeesport, where the National Tube Works and the McKeesport Tin Plate Company employ 10,000 workers, the Amalgamated claims a membership of close to 90 per cent. "Even the 10 per cent raise came because steel workers began to show signs of life and a tendency to organize, but we're not bragging about it. It's not what we want but we're laying low for a while to see what happens."

"What do you think of the automobile settlement?" an Aluminum Company worker was asked. "It's a crowbar specially made to break the backbone of labor," was his quick reply. The 10,000 Aluminum Company workers have a whole series of grievances. They are fairly solidly organized under the A. F. of L., but are forced to operate under cumbersome federal charters. Their request for an industrial union was left in the hands of a hostile committee headed by Matthew Woll, arch enemy of vertical unions. A recent strike in the New Kensington plant resulted in complete defeat. The local president accepted a foreman's job and quit the union on the first day of the walkout. The Regional Labor Board ordered the strikers back to work, and a representative of the district A. F. of L. office threatened to revoke their charter, while the Aluminum Company allowed a rumor to circulate to the effect that orders would be transferred to the Alcoa, Tennessee, plant, thus effecting a lockout. On Tuesday evenings a group of New Kensington workers conduct an open forum. Here they discuss their problems frankly and earnestly. "If they revoke our charter, we'll tell the A. F. of L. to go to hell. If that Pittsburgh organizer —disorganizer he should be called—comes around here again, we'll throw him in the river. But where do we go from here?" they ask. "Supposing an election for President would be held tomorrow, who would we vote for? The New Deal has flopped, Roosevelt has turned against the workers in that automobile settlement, and he isn't rushing all over himself to support the Wagner bill either. We don't want another Hoover, and we don't like the reds. We're in what you might call a hell of a fix."

The only ray of hope one finds in this area is in the glass industry. Here 10,000 workers, representing the vast majority in the flat-glass branch and employed by the three largest manufacturers—the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, the American Window Glass Company, and Libbey-Owens—have recently organized the Federation of Flat Glass Workers of America, a straight industrial union under the A. F. of L. banner. According to Ferdinand Bindel, the very modest and unassuming leader of this organization, it all began at the round table in the Creighton, Pennsylvania, plant of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, where Bindel is employed. At this plant all employees got an hour for lunch—an oversight the company union sought to correct as soon as it was organized. But it was too late. During this hour the men would sit around the table provided for them in the lunchroom and discuss many topics. Unionism, organization tactics, and socialism were the favorites. When in August, 1933, a company union was organized and Ferdinand Bindel was elected as a representative, he decided to make the most of his opportunity. He had already learned at the round table that the workers had many grievances and no faith in the company union as an instrument for adjusting them. He asked the management for permission to hold a mass-meeting where the workers might have an opportunity to voice their complaints and instruct their representatives. The management hesitated. Company-union plans do not provide for mass-meetings. But Bindel persisted and won his point. At the mass-meeting 800 workers—all the hall could hold—organized into an A. F. of L. union. This set off the needed spark. Other departments and plants followed suit.

The companies did not give up without a fight. They proposed other "inside" union plans, showered the workers with bulletins urging them "to do some real thinking and to *select wise, honorable, and efficient leadership.*" They hammered away at the dues-paying and racketeer features of the A. F. of L. The leaders agreed; they too wasted no love on Billy Green and many others in the federation. But that was no reason for relaxing their organization efforts. In the end the companies gave in. They recognized the grievance committees and the check-off.

Something less than the millennium has been attained even here. The industry has been highly mechanized within recent years, and as a result many have been thrown out of

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their jobs. To absorb some of these unemployed the work week has been reduced to twenty-four hours and less, so that even at the high rates of 70 and 80 cents an hour a man scarcely makes $20 a week, hardly enough to support a family. Then there is the added grievance that many processes have in the course of mechanization been made so safe and simple that women can do the work just as well as men, and they do it for 30 and 35 cents an hour. Still, the initial fight has been won and the workers proudly add, "We did it all without the aid of Washington or the A. F. of L."

From all this and from many additional observations that cannot be included in the brief space of this article, there emerges inevitably the conclusion that the poverty of leadership in labor organizations is appalling. It is the really great American tragedy. Last summer when the A. F. of L. began its organization drive in the heavy industries, the organizers had but one story to tell: The government wants you to organize. Roosevelt wants you to organize. At that time it mattered little what was said. The men applauded and signed on the dotted line. But the captive-mine and Weirton controversies made this argument sound a trifle silly. Workers began to stay away from union headquarters; the enthusiasm died down. Perhaps all that was needed was a good new story, a new "line" that would sound more convincing, but none was offered. Instead, the district offices withdrew most of the organizers from the field. Where strong local leadership developed, as in Weirton, McKeesport, Duquesne, and Brackenridge, the unions more or less flourished; where local leadership was poor, as in Homestead, Braddock, and Clairton, the unions languished. There is no concerted effort, no directing or unifying guidance. Each local leader tries to find some effective spur. Sometimes it is making a trip to Washington, at other times it is writing to Father Coughlin, at still other times it is inviting Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of Pennsylvania's Governor, to speak. Mrs. Pinchot makes a very good speech, but it consists more of criticizing the political machine than of explaining the principles and purpose of unionization.

Here, then, is a large mass, loosed from the stranglehold of the lords of industry, disillusioned about President Roosevelt, largely convinced that the NRA holds nothing in store for the workers, prejudiced in the extreme against Communists and "reds," ready—for what? That is the important question. In the main the workers have very little sense of their power and very little confidence in their own intelligence. The few who rise above the intellectual level of the mass only rarely become leaders. Men like "Billy" Long and Ferdinand Bindel are exceptions. For the most part the intelligent worker retires into himself and becomes a futilitarian or a believer in the gradual awakening of the masses, which, however, he himself makes no effort to hasten. The mass thus remains helplessly inarticulate. But, whether organized or not, it seeks deliverance, not through its own inherent strength but by a messiah. The leader who captures the confidence of this mass will become very powerful indeed. President Roosevelt has not entirely lost his chance. A decisive step on his part honestly favoring labor would restore his popularity in a flash. This opportunity cannot, of course, remain open indefinitely. If he fails to redeem himself, then the candidacy for a messiah is open.

The Menace of Jewish Fascism

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, April 2

FOUR years ago, when a speaker at a Zionist Congress at Basel casually uttered from the platform the words "Jewish Hitlerites," the storm of protest and indignation which arose was so great that the session broke up in tumult and riot; the speaker was obliged to withdraw his words and to apologize publicly for casting the shadow of an ugly suspicion upon a Jewish party. To Jews then, as to non-Jews today, it seemed preposterous that a growth so closely allied to anti-Semitism should ever strike roots in Jewish life. But now the words no longer evoke any protest and no one dreams of contesting the reality which they stand for. Fascism is too glaring a fact of Jewish life for denials. Strange as it may seem to an outsider, a Jewish Fascist Party not only exists but has already passed the point of struggling for recognition and is aspiring for power within the best-organized Jewish social movement. The party has an organized membership of 50,000; it controls a large press; it exerts a strong influence on Zionist policy within and outside Palestine; it dominates Jewish public opinion in Poland, and sways Jewish sentiments all over the world. It may sound like a paradox, but it is nevertheless a fact that the Jews, especially in Eastern Europe and Palestine, probably more than any other people except the Germans are stricken with the virus of fascism.

The grimness of the paradox is increased by the fact that Jewish fascism is in its origin, aims, and tactics more akin to the Teutonic brand of that movement than to the Italian. Not only is the uniform of the Jewish Fascist Party brown, but its driving force, like that of the Germans, is also a strong feeling of national wrong, and its source of inspiration is one of the treaties resulting from the World War. Its following, like that of the Nazis, is recruited from among the nationalist youth. The movement, naturally, also has its Leader, a journalist of great proficiency well versed in the art of stage dramatics, and its forces, like those of the Nazis, are also divided into storm troops (*Brith-Trumpeldor*) and bodyguards (*Brith-Chail*). To complete the comparison, Jewish fascism also advocates "revolutionary" action against both Marxists and a foreign government, and its forces are drilling under Polish military officers in preparation for some war known only to their leaders.

The seat of Jewish fascism is Palestine: the field of its activity is the Zionist movement the world over but especially in Poland; its backbone is the dying Jewish middle class, which is being mercilessly ground between the millstones of anti-Semitism and the post-war economic development; its driving force is its grievance against the Mandatory Power in Palestine. It is these real economic, political, and social forces which give the movement a solid basis.

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Before the war Zionism was more a movement for Jewish social reconstruction than for economic betterment. It aspired to make over all that abnormal life which had been imposed upon Jews by the old ghetto and the newer anti-Semitism. The war and the post-war settlement entirely revolutionized this ideal. The Treaty of Versailles, by breaking up the former economic units of Eastern Europe, swept away whatever economic position the Jews had in that region. In addition, all the newly created states began their political careers with a wave of violent anti-Semitism whose purpose was to drive out the Jews from even those occupations still left to them. Worst of all, the countries overseas which before the war had absorbed the surplus Jewish population from Eastern Europe, and thus eased the situation, closed their doors to new immigration. Jews in Eastern Europe—which means primarily Poland, for in Soviet Russia Jews have found an altogether different solution to their problems—found themselves in a situation almost without parallel even in their long tragic history. The state of subjection to which the Nazis in Germany are striving to reduce the German Jews has already been achieved in Poland.

Under such transformed circumstances the early aspects and aims of Zionism have also been transformed entirely. From a spiritual center the National Home has become chiefly an economic refuge. From a subjective liberal experiment Zionism has become an exclusively political utilitarian movement. Palestine has become the primary country of Jewish immigration. Jews have begun to turn to it with hopes and aspirations which neither the pre-war Zionists nor the framers of the Balfour Declaration ever envisaged. The settlement of Palestine has passed chiefly into the hands of Jews from Poland, who have brought to the country an immense store of enthusiasm and enterprise which is still of the old, individualistic kind, the kind which the Russian Jews have sought to abandon—an enthusiasm for building up big businesses and private fortunes. Together with the old *Halutz* (Jewish pioneer and land laborer), there have begun to come to Palestine in greater and greater numbers the ruined shopkeepers, petty traders, bankrupt business men, brokers, agents, and middle-class men of all kinds who can no longer exist in Eastern Europe. These people come to Palestine not with the old idea of transforming their own lives, but with the idea of transforming the country to fit their old economy; not to escape from the ghetto, but to transplant it; not to build a new home on entirely new social foundations, but to resurrect the old one—the ideal of the middle-class fascist the world over.

It is this new immigration into Palestine that forms the social and economic basis of Jewish fascism and makes it the serious danger that it is. The newcomers are not only the victims of fascism but spiritually also its supporters. They come to Palestine not because of any idealism, but because all other places are closed to them, and because that is the only country where they can have a fascism of their own and where they can hope to revive the glory of their passing world. The recent prosperity in the National Home has served to enhance these hopes. In this respect this windfall, like so many others, has proved a mixed blessing. The legends of the great boom are attracting people of a most undesirable character and raising most undesirable hopes.

Already the character of Jewish Palestine is changing appreciably. The agricultural, labor, and productive aspects of the settlement are being obscured by the financial and speculative aspects. Social enterprise is giving way to private adventure of a pernicious type. Land speculation is rampant. Private enterprise is in open competition with the National (land) Fund, and in certain districts the National Fund has to withdraw altogether. Tel-Aviv is rapidly becoming a miniature European metropolis with all the evils and artificiality of uncontrolled Western civilization. The boom is on. The speculators, brokers, small shopkeepers, petty traders have found the Promised Land again. These people take their revival in the National Home more seriously than does Hitler's *Kampfsbund des Mittel-Klasses*. Their fight against "Marxists" and labor is more bitter than that of the Nazis. There is hardly another Jewish community in the world where the class struggle is being fought with so much hatred and venom as in Palestine now, and nowhere else is party strife so savage. In short, the social and economic reorganization of Palestine along fascist lines is in full swing.

The menace of Jewish fascism appears at first sight to be negligible. The party itself, its Brown Shirts, its military drills in the backyards of Poland, its fight against the Mandatory Power and Marxism, its attempts to restore the decomposing body of the Jewish middle class—all this appears to be a comic-opera imitation which has no basis in Jewish reality. But this is only a first and partial view of the manifestation. A closer analysis reveals a situation much more complicated and menacing. Behind Palestine there is always Zionism, and that movement is so intricately interwoven with Jewish social life the world over that if it succumbs to fascism, a porthole is opened for fascist sentiments to flow in freely and flood every Jewish community. The real danger of Jewish fascism is not in its own organized strength but in the influence which it exerts upon other parties standing near to it, which are ostensibly far from fascism. This was the case with the Germans and it is true also with the Jews. The Zionist movement, like all nationalist movements, is the most fertile field for fascism. Under the guise of nationalistic grievances and demands, fascist sentiments can easily pass unnoticed, and they now do in Zionism. Jewish orthodoxy openly embraces the fascist program, political as well as economic. Other parties, not so frank in their avowal, are tacit supporters of the most extreme demands of fascism. In Poland there is no longer any distinction between the fascist and the Zionist press. In America the "revolutionary" anti-British stand is awakening sympathy. In Palestine, it is true, labor is putting up a brave and strong fight, but it is a lone fight which has the support only of a few individual Zionist liberals. The bulk of the Zionist movement gravitates toward fascism, although Zionists are mostly not aware of it, and the majority would indignantly deny that their pure, selfless nationalism, which wants nothing of others, or even that their "Great Zionism," as Jewish fascism often calls itself, has anything in common with the brutal fascism of Germany.

The situation resembles very much that in Germany before March, 1933, when the Nazi dictatorship, with its Brown Houses and concentration camps, had not yet been officially proclaimed, but had been made possible by the tacit acceptance and support of the whole nationalist part of German society. There was scarcely a nationalist German, no matter what his party, who did not think inwardly what the Nazis said aloud to the world, and who was not convinced of the justice of the German grievance and of the

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right of the Nazi demands. It was this moral disintegration of non-Nazi society, not the hordes of Hitlerism, that brought about the fascist victory in Germany. Exactly the same disintegration and the same danger exist now within Jewry.

For it must not be forgotten that Jews are predominantly a middle-class people, and that class has been more thoroughly ruined among Jews than among any other people. While other nations have strong agricultural and industrial classes to offset the ruin of their middle classes, the Jews have none of these. The ruin of the class means therefore the ruin of the nation. In addition, the anti-Jewish outburst in Germany has aggravated a tragedy which was hardly capable of further aggravation. It has revealed that the Jews not only have natural economic forces working against them but that they are surrounded on all sides by a bitter, personal hatred which has no parallel in modern times. Jews have encountered the enmity of men before, but never social forces allied with personal enemies. The very foundation of their economic existence is being knocked from beneath their feet. Communism on one hand and fascism on the other are both working toward the elimination of the Jews from their middle-class positions. The former does it constructively and with consideration, the other destructively and with hatred and curses, but the direction of both is the same. There is certainly no mistake about the trend of events for Jews. The age of individualism, which was on the whole favorable to them, is passing. They will have to reconstruct their economic lives as they did in Soviet Russia.

That a portion of the Jews fighting under such stress should turn to a fascism of their own creation in the hope of retaining their old position is no wonder. But if Zionism shows itself as blind as German nationalism, and impelled by legitimate national grievances and economic despair, opens the door to fascism among Jews, the moral disintegration which will set in will not be less than that which led to the establishment of the Brown Houses and concentration camps. The crime of Zionism will be even greater, for it has already the lesson of German nationalism before it, and there is no excuse for ignorance and blindness now. Zionism today is fighting a terrible battle. It fights not only for its own soul but for the soul and even the physical existence of the Jewish people.

In the Driftway

TWO items of information have come to the Drifter's notice lately which are perhaps worth considering side by side. One is the account, appearing in the London *New Statesman and Nation*, of her weekly budget by a wife whose husband is on the dole. The family consists of husband and wife and three children; the weekly allowance totals £1 9*s.* 3*d.*, or about $7.50 at the current rate of exchange, and it is intended to cover all items of living, including rent, light, and insurance. The wife points out that it is a good plan to "first pay the rent, insurance, and the doctors' club. . . . Next get half a cwt. of coal and 3*d.* firewood." Food is purchased as follows:

> At the present moment bread is 4¼*d.* per new large loaf, but new bread is not good for adults or children, and a "yesterday's" loaf is 4*d.* at any baker's. Here you may save 1¾*d.* a week. A family with medium appetites will use 14 pounds of potatoes in a week. These cost 1*s.* The man who sells his own vegetables will generally let you have a nice cabbage or marrow for about a penny or 1½*d.* and a nice little mixture of carrots, onions, etc. for stews for 3*d.*
>
> It is impossible to give the children the full amount of milk they need, but they can have milk pudding three times a week. Meat is always a problem, but if children have vegetables and gravy, with a good nourishing pudding after, they need little or no meat, and an unemployed man does not need so much as one who works hard all day.
>
> These are a few suggestions for cheap but satisfying dinners. Quite a nice little piece of beef can be got for 1*s.* 6*d.* if you reason with the butcher. Have potatoes and cabbage with this, and finish with a tapioca pudding. Next day have cold meat and potatoes mashed with margarine, followed with plain suet pudding and treacle. If there are a few little pieces left, they can be used for cottage pie with a little corned beef to make up. Get a ¼ lb. with the 2½*d.* in hand. . . . Shin of beef cooked in the oven makes good gravy for the children, and six pennyworth should do the adults two days. Have boiled rice and the rest of the prunes for pudding. One day will not hurt any of us to be meatless, so have the Symington tomato soup with mashed potatoes, and make an extra big plum pudding. Of course this means currant pudding. . . .
>
> We are very thankful to get the dole, and every wife should do her best to make it go as far as possible, and not waste what other folks may be glad to have.

The Drifter finds it impossible to comment on the foregoing document, except to say that the *New Statesman* guarantees it to be authentic and not to have been changed in any particular. It is accompanied by an itemized list of expenditures, which gives the cost of weekly rent at 10*s.*, the weekly allowance of flour at 3 pounds, of butter at ½ pound, of prunes at 1 pound, and allows for one halfpenny candle as the week's quota of light.

* * * * *

HIS other document the Drifter had cut out of the Baltimore *Sun* a week or so ago, and had intended more or less jocular comment on it to show that the good citizens of Baltimore still like their vittles and lots of them. It is a menu for a day—three meals a day, incidentally, which the English woman living on the dole did not specifically mention—and it begins with a suggested breakfast of sliced orange, cereal with cream, baby lamb chops, muffins with marmalade, and coffee, also presumably with cream, although the menu did not think it necessary to mention it. The Drifter had intended to poke gentle fun at Baltimoreans who eat a breakfast of this size, to point out that, judging by such a menu, the good old days of American eating have not disappeared, and to call New York's classic breakfast of orange juice, toast, and coffee a decadent and feeble gesture unworthy the ancestors of our noble race.

* * * * *

AND then somehow, after reading the dole budget, the heart went out of him. He remembered the famous episode in "Little Women," just called freshly to mind by the motion picture, which showed the sausages and the muffins and the real coffee that the March girls had just been about to sit down to as a great and especial treat on Christmas morning and then had decided to carry to the family

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which had nothing at all. The Drifter imagines that not a citizen of Baltimore but would gladly give over his breakfast of cereal and lamb chops to Mrs. English Dole, and experience the keenest pleasure in going without a bite while she enjoyed it. But, unfortunately, this generosity, which springs so freely in the human race when a particular touching circumstance is described, is not enough. We cannot feed the world by giving away our breakfast. If we ever do succeed adequately in feeding it, it will be only after considerably more ratiocination than to date has been expended on the problem. Our friends the Communists think they know the answer. But one can only be sure that our friends the capitalists do not. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

They Wear Garters, Too!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I must be excused for the tardiness of a reply to Margaret Green's article of January 10 on The Russian Revolution in Clothes. Moscow is a long way from New York and I don't receive *The Nation* regularly. Miss Green writes, "The Soviets have discarded tradition in clothes as well as in ideas."

In Moscow there opened in 1933 a chain of five high-class tailoring shops (the plan calls for more of them) for men and women which guarantee the style and workmanship of their merchandise to be exact copies of the models which the customers select—from the latest European fashion books. In the largest department store in the city a six-foot sign reads, "On view—the latest fashions from abroad," and calls attention to a section where fashion books can be studied for the price of a ruble. Patterns are on sale and clothes can also be made to order in the store. There is always a long line of impatient style hunters waiting to pay their ruble. The leading women's magazines, which concern themselves with such light reading matter as industrialization, collectivization, and international relations, also carry style supplements which include everything the Canton, Illinois, housewife is accustomed to find in the fashion section of her favorite weekly. There are scores of dressmaking establishments run by cooperatives and additional scores of dressmakers who work at home.

It is quite true, as Miss Green says, that the Russians want to develop their best talents in their own way—but not by sticking their bus tickets in their ears, as she indicates. "Their own way," if one is to speak of clothes only, seems to be in the direction of mass production of wearing apparel that is closely patterned after the clothes worn by their bourgeois neighbors. However, in the Soviet Union dress is not a fetish; it is not a mark of class distinction; nor is it manipulated by considerations of profit. But Soviet girls do wear their berets cocked well over one ear just like Tillie the Toiler (if Tillie still does that), and Berlin styles have done a great deal in influencing that fad.

It is in the nature of Soviet economy that when changes take place they affect almost everyone. Although as late as 1932 women did go to the theater in what we would call bedroom slippers, today that is no longer so. In the past year shoes have flooded the market, and the woman who goes to the theater goes in shoes—with high heels. This winter theater audiences are so well dressed that a foreigner has to wear a diamond coronet to attract any attention.

The second Piatiletka is turning out mountains of gewgaws, dress goods, and ready-made clothes. The remotest villages are being supplied, and every kolhoznitza and kolhoznik is getting a share of city clothes. The Tolstoy blouse which Miss Green likes so much is rapidly being replaced by shirts with attached soft collars, and the peasants and workers seem to like them.

Without a doubt Miss Green's chance acquaintance, Lola, was more interested in ideas than the average girl of bourgeois countries, but the fact that the two met when Lola was searching for a beauty parlor is an indication that having ideas does not exclude a desire to be pretty and well-dressed. Dusia, my houseworker, has just had a permanent wave for which she paid almost a month's wages. Manicured nails with pink nail polish are as common here as in New York. If Lola did not rush to a mirror when Miss Green presented her with a Woolworth string of pearls, it may have been because the Russian girl was being polite. In the summer of 1932, when I arrived at the Soviet border town of Nigoreloe, the first shock I had was to see a barefooted peasant woman wearing a string of cheap pearls. At that time I arrived in Moscow with a wardrobe such as wholesome girls take to summer camp. I soon discovered that my Russian friends thought me a little eccentric. They found it difficult to understand that one would put nice clothes into cold storage when nice clothes could be worn. On my second visit I did better, but I still did not bring a silk dress. To my embarrassment my Russian guests persist in wearing their best and I find myself feeling apologetic. As for the mystery of how stockings are held up in the Soviet Union, I can't imagine why Lola didn't know the secret. Any day of the week in the Arbatsky market, which is the least well-equipped place to shop in, one can find a long string of bright pink garter-belts hanging where the whole world can see!

Moscow, February 25 BELLA KASHIN

[In justice to Miss Green, it must be confessed that her article was written and accepted for publication in *The Nation* a full year before its appearance. Miss Kashin's reply may merely indicate how fast, even in Soviet Russia, styles change.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Kidnap Valley, California

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The notorious Imperial Valley has earned the more appropriate name of Kidnap Valley. Stories of the lawless and high-handed treatment of workers and their attorneys, culminating in the particularly outrageous kidnapping of A. L. Wirin, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, have been widely published. It was hoped that the widespread indignation over that event, together with the scathing authoritative report of the federal commission appointed to investigate conditions in that benighted district, would influence the officials to abandon their extreme lawlessness.

Not so. They are determined to continue their blundering and badgering to the bitter end, as is evidenced by other exceptionally vicious kidnappings, of one of which the writer of this letter was a victim. On March 25 Alexander Irvine, well-known minister and author, his niece, Miss Lenore Hardin, and I went as representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union to attend meetings in the valley which were under the protection of an injunction from the United States District Court. Leaving Mr. Irvine and Miss Hardin to attend a Brawley meeting, I went on to Calexico. Finding that the meeting of the workers had been packed by the growers and the workers intimidated, I left the hall for a moment to make a telephone call. Outside the hall I was rudely accosted by a burly individual, but I kept silent and went on. A moment or two later, how-

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ever, as I came to the rear of the corner building, I was set upon suddenly from behind by a gang of men and rushed into an open space. One of the men, the same who had previously accosted me, struck me in the face with his fist. Others hit me in the back. They then surrounded me, emptied my pockets, and questioned me. Some of my effects they kept but returned the rest.

They next shoved me roughly into an automobile with four men and drove rapidly off. After going a few miles, I was made to lie face down on the floor of the car with a leather jacket over my head. Throughout the drive of about forty miles to a remote point in the desert, much of it over a rough, sandy desert road, there was a steady stream of cursing, with threats of flogging, shooting, hanging, and other methods of disposing of me. They said I would never get back alive. When we finally stopped, I was led, blindfolded and hands tied, up a short steep canyon in the low desert hills, where I was abandoned without further injury. This was about 6.10 p. m. and night had already fallen. I began the long, weary walk back in a forty-mile desert gale, a walk that proved to be about six miles through the sand to a road and four miles farther to a primitive filling station. Cars and trucks passed, but none would stop. When I reached the filling station, the two attendants seemed to be wholly without interest in my plight, as if they had been warned by the thugs to refuse me assistance. The nearest house was fifteen miles away. I could not walk to it, and the desert gale was too biting to permit me to stand on the road in the hope of flagging a friendly samaritan, so I finally prevailed upon the service-station man to allow me to crawl into his closed car out of the wind, and there I spent the rest of the chilly night.

In the morning I managed to get a lift to San Diego. At the newspaper office there I was told that nobody knew what had happened to me, although at least fifty people must have seen me grabbed in broad daylight (about four in the afternoon). I was further told that Irvine was safe, having been taken to the Brawley jail for safekeeping from the mob of growers. I was glad that he had not suffered from maltreatment as I had, but I later learned that the press dispatches were just as unreliable with regard to him as to me and that he had also been kidnapped, taken to an even more remote place in the desert, and even more roughly handled. After walking five or six miles through the desert Irvine, who is over seventy and not in good health, had been about to sink down from exhaustion—he could easily have suffered seriously from exposure to the cold and from thirst—when, by a miracle according to those who know the country, a truck came along at that late hour, about midnight, picked him up, and took him into Brawley, where the authorities assigned him a cell in the jail for his protection from the mob, which renewed their threats upon learning that he was back in town. After Irvine had been snatched from her side as they walked on the highway, Miss Hardin was not further molested, and was helped to a hotel by a friendly citizen, but throughout the whole night nobody brought a word as to the fate of her uncle. At this writing, seventy-two hours after the occurrence, Irvine is still suffering from body bruises, aching joints, general exhaustion, and a painfully aggravated condition of a chronic ailment.

Volumes of interpretation will be written around this outstanding bit of capitalistic stupidity and brutality. The growers, realizing that they have brought the name of "vigilante" into irredeemable disrepute up and down the agricultural section of California by their disregard of simple decency, have made some concession to public opinion and rechristened themselves "anti-Communists."

As a concluding word, it should be said that the two leading press services showed up very badly in this affair. Although both kidnappings were witnessed by a number of persons, the

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correspondents sent out not a word of it, but instead misquoted Irvine to the effect that he had no complaint. Later they gave credence to the assertions of the "anti-Communist" growers, shippers, and bankers that no kidnappings had occurred and that both Irvine's story and my own were merely hoaxes.

Los Angeles, March 30 ELLIS O. JONES

The Intelligent Traveler

What Will a Dollar Buy?

III

SPAIN

SPAIN is off the beaten track, and less is known of that lovely country than of any other of its size in Europe. The variety of its ethnic groups is its chief charm; there is no single "Spanish type." Each region has its distinct dialect, its own peasant customs, religious observances, and traditions in art, its own physical type.

The pleasantest way to see Spain is by automobile. Its roads are said by automobile authorities to be the best engineered in Europe; a new surfaced system of 8,000 kilometers has been completed in the last three years. Distances are great in Spain, and village accommodations in a country so completely rural are not good, but the government has built a series of *albergues de carretera,* simple hostels or inns, wherever the distance between comfortable hotels is too great for a day's easy drive.

The American organization "Europe on Wheels," 218 Madison Avenue, is extending its "drive-yourself" automobile service to Spain this summer. Headquarters will be at Gibraltar, thus making a stopover on the way to Italy an easy matter.

The best of Spain is in her old cities. There are fewer little out-of-the-way places of interest than in France, for instance. If you have only a week to spend in an automobile tour, you should not try to do more than see the cities of southern Spain—Granada and the Alhambra, Cordova, Seville, Algeciras. A second week will include Madrid, with stops on the way at Toledo and at Guadalupe, where accommodations are in an old monastery and the visitor leaves a gift instead of paying a bill. A three weeks' trip will include the north-coast cities of San Sebastian, Santander, Santillana del Mar. The best bullfights of the summer season occur in the first-named cities and in Bilbao. Near Santillana in the Caves of Altamira are the most perfectly preserved prehistoric drawings in the world. The representations of bison, wild boar, antelope, incised and painted or in bas relief on the walls and ceiling of the cave, surpass the French examples.

Motor costs are not yet announced, but probably will be between $8 and $9 a day per person for a party of four. This figure includes hotels, meals, automobile, gasoline, and oil.

Rail travel is cheap in Spain. A journey of 300 kilometers, second class, costs $5.04; there will be some advantageous excursion rates not yet announced here.

With the peseta at fourteen cents you can live in a second-class hotel for between $2 and $2.50 a day for room and meals. Unless you have previous experience to guide you, it is best not to attempt the native food, which is too hot with garlic and chili for the American taste. This makes the "pension" type of accommodation inadvisable.

Spain has discontinued its Tourist Information Service in this country. The consulates (in New York at 1071 Sixth Avenue) can give general information. "Europe on Wheels" has up-to-date facts, gathered in the course of its survey for establishing a service there.

AUSTRIA

Austria's greatest attraction is the Salzburg Festival, which takes place from July 28 to September 2, with Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, and Clemens Krauss conducting, and with Max Reinhardt directing "Everyman" and Goethe's "Faust." Native expression of the Austrian gift for the dramatic is to be found in the Passion plays and folk dramas of the villages. There are interesting ones at Thiersee, Feilpmes, Innsbruck, and Brixlegg. Village processions, harvest festivals, and fairs, all brilliant with native costumes, are best discovered on the spot; few of them occur on dates fixed far in advance.

Austria's mountain resorts offer a variety of sports. For out-of-door people there are fine canoeing, swimming, hiking, and climbing. The sports-loving Austrians have developed a network of marked trails and "huts" at easy distances which foreigners may use. Mountaineering includes the high Alps with their glaciers and less dangerous climbs in what the Austrian guidebooks quaintly describe as the "outspoken rocky districts." Outsiders may stay in the "huts," which often are large and comfortable inns, for about $1.50 a day; members of the German-Austrian Alpine Society pay as little as twenty cents, and one may become a member upon recommendation of two Austrians. Lazy mountaineers can "do" the big peaks on one of the eleven cable railways in the country. A boat trip down the Danube is an unforgettable seven hours of beautiful water and picturesque shores; it costs about $3.

The Austrian schilling has risen from fourteen cents to nineteen cents (tourists are allowed a discount which makes their schillings cost eighteen cents). Hotel prices have decreased about 30 per cent since 1931; one can stay at a good hotel in Vienna for $2.50 a day including meals. In the resorts prices are lower; room and meals may often be had for $1.35 a day.

Railroad rates have advanced with the exchange—a journey of 300 kilometers, second class, costs $8.50, but to this one may apply all sorts of discounts. To encourage visits to the resorts the government offers a 50 per cent discount on rail fare if one stays ten days in one resort. On excursion tickets there is a discount of 25 per cent. The most ingenious rail discount in Europe is the "family ticket" by which the head of the family pays full fare, the second member gets 50 per cent off, the third member 75 per cent off, and the rest travel free!

Complete information on travel in Austria may be had from the Austrian Tourist Information Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York. JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[*In previous articles Mr. Rothschild discussed the cost of travel in other countries of Europe. In his next, which will appear shortly, he will describe the numerous tours to Russia planned for this summer.*]

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The Art of American Fiction

By MARK VAN DOREN

FIVE or six years ago it was the fashion to explain the popularity of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by saying that it was short, that it was beautiful, and that it was not American. The country, if we were to believe our contemporary chroniclers, had all at once grown tired of social epics in homely prose, of the unwieldy Dreiser and the too baldly accurate Sinclair Lewis. We were sick of reading about ourselves; we wanted wit, form, grace, and a radical change of scene. Hence, it was said, the rage for Mr. Wilder, who was taking us back and away to seventeenth-century South America and who, incidentally, was even then engaged upon a still shorter work about a lady of ancient Greece. The future was to bring us many more such novels. Already Miss Cather was turning to the Southwest and to the St. Lawrence; and of course Mr. Cabell had all along been airily ironic about this world. We were to have, in short, an experience with the fine art of fiction; we were to know that novels can be art, and we were to develop a criticism capable of keeping our story-tellers in a properly self-conscious state.

The prediction was only partly wrong. The scene of fiction has not shifted; it is still America, and for that matter Mr. Lewis keeps on having his day, as Mr. Dreiser continues to be called the one great novelist of the century. But neither have we ceased to be aware that fiction has aesthetic as well as social problems to solve. Neither have we failed to appreciate the fact that Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, William Faulkner, and Erskine Caldwell, to name only four novelists whose work falls within the period since 1925, are artists of delicate and original endowment. Whatever their views of the contemporary scene, they have written in such a way as to remind us that the immemorial difficulty of the American novelist is the difficulty of forming and refining his material, of discovering how to keep it within bounds so that he can do something with it sufficiently simple, sharp, and clear. Not many Americans, naturally, have made the discovery. None too easy to make in any art, it is particularly difficult to make in fiction—above all, it would appear, in America. Cooper learned the secret in his long-winded way; so in their different ways did Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, and Henry James: the result being that we know exactly how each one of them saw the world. Each one of them was successful in that he saw it consistently and with a narrow creativeness, excluding everything not essential to his vision. In the long run it is unimportant that a novelist should see all of the life about him, or even see it truly. Cooper and Poe were contemporaries; which saw America "whole"? Mark Twain and Henry James not only were contemporaries but on several occasions dealt with the same theme, Europe versus America; which was "right"? In the long run it is important only that the novelist should know how to be blind to everything that does not interest him, and how to make us similarly blind. The trouble in America perhaps is that we ask our novelists to show us too much; or that they themselves forget the secret of being an artist, which is the art of seeing less than other men—less, and more clearly.

If the four young novelists named have made noticeable progress in the desired direction, it is not because they were without predecessors with whom they could touch hands. Leaving aside those bulky elders who had dominated the situation between the World War and 1925, there was at least the memory of Stephen Crane, there was the still obscurely famous "Three Lives" of Gertrude Stein, there were Sherwood Anderson's shorter narratives, there was Ring Lardner, and in 1925 there was Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby." Here in each case had been a point of view, with oftentimes brilliant invention or observation to bring it out. And in each case also there had been a style. Style in a story-teller is a guaranty that he is telling you all he knows, that he is showing you all he sees; in so far as it achieves distinctness it is a proof that the writer has explored the limited world he views. It is not an accident, then, that the four novelists in question have been equipped with styles.

If Mr. Hemingway's is wearing out, and there are those who say it is, the defect lies not in it but in Mr. Hemingway, who is guilty then of having failed to realize enough of its possibilities. The possibilities of any style, as of any vision, are actually innumerable, and surely in the present case they are not exhausted. Mr. Hemingway has been equally divided between the fascinations and the terrors of brutality. His style has been a laconic caress to cruelty, at once thanking it because it is the only thing which makes life interesting to him and reproving it for the unthinkable thing it is. With such a twofold vision one can go on seeing and saying much. Mr. Hemingway has depended upon drunkenness and bull fighting as the glasses through which he should direct his gaze. Even so confined, there is more that he can see; yet when he ceases to be charmed by gin and blood he still will have his twofold vision. There is the wide universe to be ironic about.

The excellence of Miss Roberts, Mr. Faulkner, and Mr. Caldwell does not consist in their being Southern, though the interest we continue to take in sectionalism makes us talk sometimes as if it did. The South may be proud of having produced them, yet it is more to the present point to speak of them as American novelists of a new order. With Mr. Hemingway they form a group which, if it were actually a group, might take the name of symbolists. They proceed by indirection. They are conscious of being literary artists. Their subject matter, their field of human concerns, is in each case highly specialized; and from their almost trancelike absorption in this subject matter they have learned, by selecting certain details upon which to concentrate our attention, how to suggest a great deal more than they ever say.

Miss Roberts has never said, for instance, that the physical universe exists for her in a special way—so special a way,

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JOHN DOS PASSOS

In All Countries

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Probably no other American writer has traveled so widely and so persistently as John Dos Passos. Year after year he has covered the globe, reporting, lecturing, touring, standing in the crowds, watching the merry-go-rounds and the pitched battles, being always the restless dynamic and un-innocent bystander. The result is that his book contains a great deal that is fresh and striking, the stories that do not appear in the papers, the sidelights that reveal more than the false fronts. A particularly effective section describes the new Congress of 1934, the grand opening of the lively political stage in Washington.

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indeed, that the ordinary person would scarcely be willing to suppose it existed for her at all. Yet her novels say this after their misty and murmurous fashion. Her heroines manage to experience life not at the close range at which we are accustomed to think we feel it but in some indeterminate region beyond the senses. The talk of her Kentuckians comes to us from a sleepy distance, through veils, as if we overheard the music of an invisible race inhabiting the very houses of our chatter. It is endless, unaccented, and very soft. The senses of Miss Roberts's people have a curious way of exchanging functions; they feel when they should see, they stare when they should hear, and they touch things with an almost holy reverence. Some world, if you like, is there. But it is not the world about which anyone besides Miss Roberts and her heroines is concerned. It is the world, perhaps, of Bishop Berkeley, whose book the heroine of "The Great Meadow" was so ready to understand. It exists only in the mind, and in Miss Roberts's beautiful, attenuated narratives.

Mr. Faulkner has never said what it is that he is doing in the novels he writes about the incredible citizens of Jefferson, Mississippi. Until he speaks it will be rash to assume that he has the same feeling toward his degenerates which many a reader has. They are not horrible examples of anything—of life in a Southern State, for instance. Their interest, whether for him or for us if we read him as he writes, is less for what they represent than for what they are. They are for Mr. Faulkner, one may suppose, the perfectly plastic material he desires to have about him as he works; their moral shapelessness is something of which he can avail himself as he proceeds to mold a decorative and terrifying design. If his people were more stubborn, more strong, he would have to let them obey the laws of some known life. As it is he can twist them into whatever shape his rather feline fancy, playing so cruelly with depravity and death, chances to devise. He is perhaps as innocent of the sociological motive as a contemporary of Dreiser and Lewis can be, and as bent upon the business of pure, irresponsible creation.

His hand is a fine one, but feeble compared with that of Erskine Caldwell, who endows his Georgia degenerates with a weird and garrulous and curiously natural energy. The monologues of Ty-Ty Walden and Jeeter Lester, spoken in the midst of events as violent as thievery and murder and rape, maintain some sort of contact with the perennial truths of literature. The truths of literature are not the truths of life; "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre" are as full of fictions, of artificially arranged contrasts, as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Jones," with which they have been compared. And that is their distinction, paradoxically enough. They have come like a great breeze, sunwise and wholesome, because they have come whence the best books always come, from an imagination which accident or genius has made free. Mr. Caldwell's shameless old fools are as irrepressible as Falstaff, and as ingenious in avoiding the necessity of explaining themselves. That is the kind of strength they have—and another reminder that their existence is so charming for the simple reason that it is so literary. God help Mr. Caldwell when he is called upon to say whether Ty-Ty and Jeeter are "true to" the country around Augusta; or why it is that the Maine farmers in "American Earth" and "We Are the Living" are so much like Lov and Buck; or, finally, whether Griselda and Darling Jill have any more reality than Doll Tearsheet and the Nut-Brown Maid. All of these people are true to the books they live in, as the books are true to their author, and as he is true to that instinct which tells him to make merry with his half-wise, half-witless puppets. He is the one young novelist of America who promises at the moment to reveal a great and agreeable genius.

If there are many others of whom this cannot be said, the reasons are various. Thomas Wolfe's one novel to date, "Look Homeward, Angel," needs to be followed by others before anybody can know whether Mr. Wolfe is an artist in anything beyond autobiography. Old Gant was the masterpiece of that work, and as such is testimony to Mr. Wolfe's undeniably huge talent in characterization. But Gant had a son, and the son so weakens the book with his self-pity that the public is justified in asking Mr. Wolfe whether he can keep himself out of the picture in books to come. It is necessary to him as an artist that he should, at least if his art be fiction, which is a less aimless art than autobiography, as self-pity is a more boundless thing than self-knowledge. When a writer knows himself he can forget himself in knowing others—a secret unguessed so far by Vardis Fisher of Idaho, who after several years falls heir to Mr. Wolfe's chief defect. "In Tragic Life" and "Passions Spin the Plot" are the first two of four novels which Mr. Fisher is writing, it would seem, about himself. They have a kind of horrible and bloody beauty, but the power in them is always threatening to go to pieces with the hero, Vridar Hunter, whose hysteria is controlled neither by his own reason nor by Mr. Fisher's art. We are expected to feel pity for one so unable to cope with life, and we do; yet there is always the danger that this pity shall become impatience, as there is the danger that we shall grow tired of Vridar's vomiting. He vomits at most of the crises, as genteel ladies used to swoon and strong men weep. This, by the way, is becoming a habit with the heroes of American novels. No doubt it proves that American life is indigestible, but it does not seem to make the novels any better.

The novels of John Dos Passos, particularly "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel," have been praised for reproducing the chaos of our society. But they do not reproduce it, they imitate it; they try to cover its ground, and naturally fail. No novel could be long enough to do what Mr. Dos Passos wants to do in his, though a shorter one, proceeding by concentration and analysis rather than by extension, might do the thing surprisingly well. One American's life might anatomize the general chaos as twelve lives—or is it twenty-four in Mr. Dos Passos?—never could. If twenty-four, why not 120,000,000? One person would suffice, as in a sense the Studs Lonigan of James T. Farrell does suffice. Mr. Farrell, confined though he is in "Young Lonigan" and "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" to a single Chicago boy and his tough young friends of Indiana Avenue, finds more to say about Studs's generation than Mr. Dos Passos finds to say about all of that America which he sees as the newsreel sees it, breathlessly and unrememberably. The Lonigan books are genuinely terrible. Those of Mr. Dos Passos are what no book can afford to be; they are chaotic.

It is too soon to say how many class-war novels we shall have, or under what star they will be written. Not, it is to be hoped, under Mr. Dos Passos's star, though William Rol-

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lins, Jr., has taken up a position there, and in "The Shadow Before" has done in the circumstances all that could be done with a New England mill strike. Mr. Dos Passos has taught Mr. Rollins how to unsettle the reader's peace by showing a whole world in restless motion. But he could not teach him how to achieve that effect of complexity which is so much more telling than the effect of confusion, and which it is possible to imagine a simpler, tighter method producing with unanswerable success. Jack Conroy in "The Disinherited" has departed far enough in this direction to prove how effective a novel can be through pretending to do less than it does. Mr. Conroy's comparatively few people—miners and farmers in Missouri and automobile workers in Detroit—are eloquent of a mass which they are made with considerable skill to represent. Further progress, however, can be made, and for all anyone knows it will be made in the direction of Pearl Buck. Whatever her intention may have been, Mrs. Buck happens to have written the best substitutes for proletarian fiction that we have. They may be, indeed, the thing itself, with their young men who go off at the end and join the Communists. At any rate they are the work of an artist who is both painstaking and imaginative, and who consequently knows how to make one word, one gesture, do the work of twenty. Proletarian fiction in America, like any other kind of fiction, will need at least that much of conscious art.

History, Snobbery, Criticism

By LIONEL ABEL

IN the nineteenth century the historian's pretensions to positive knowledge were universally reverenced and feared. A few voices were raised against them, Nietzsche's for example, but they were soon silenced by the headlong fury for historicism. Hegel identified philosophy with the history of philosophy; Marx's materialism attempted to absorb the problems of economics in a new historical technique; and historical investigations of the origins of Christianity fathered the opposition to the church. Darwin's evolutionism was the inspiration for the genetic schools of criticism, all of which agreed that for the understanding of a belief, tradition, ideal, it was sufficient to determine its genesis, growth, and decline. Even Nietzsche, though he protested against the prevailing historicism, wrote the "Birth of Tragedy" and the "Genealogy of Morals," works whose titles betray the typical nineteenth-century optimism in the historical eye, which, it was supposed, did not see as in a glass darkly, but was capable of a scientific focus on the multitude of facts before it.

Today the picture is greatly changed. Not that histories are not being written, not that history is not being invoked by every political party and for every economic program, but that the serious historian is disillusioned, his pretensions to "a conquest of the real by reason" (Meyerson's definition of science) have undergone successive and ever more terrible humiliations. It is questioned by contemporary theorists whether history can be a science even when stripped of its power of generalization and limited to a termite assemblage of facts. M. Seignobos, pursuing the critical methods of Cournot, declares that the French Revolution was a "colossal accident." It would be impossible to blaspheme more roundly against nineteenth-century historicism. Oswald Spengler, it is true, set forth in this very decade a philosophy of history which for arrogance is unequaled either by Hegel or by Marx. Situating the Western world exclusively in history, Spengler attempted to place Western man at the absolute mercy of the historian. But he was forced to base the correctness of his hypothesis on a type of intuition incredibly bold, incredibly exact, incredibly dependent on the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." "The Decline of the West," having made a furor among the ignorant, appears most significant, for all its ostentatious pessimism, as the last philosophic crime of historical optimism. Marxism, projected as a historical dialectic, has been revised by Sorel and the French Syndicalists into an imaginative expression of the proletariat's will to power. As Fernandez says: "While respecting the language of Marxism, the revolutionary disciples of Marx, whether under the influence of anarchy, of syndicalism, or political empiricism, have come to consider the revolution as an absolute change, as a rupture provoking a social life incommensurable with the social life previous to the revolution. The revolution to an intellectual revolutionist owes its value to the discontinuity it introduces into social life." To save the revolution the modern Marxist has been forced to wrench it from the context of historical necessity in which it was framed by Marx. It is generally agreed that the historian's inability to formulate scientifically rigorous laws or to lay claim to a scientific prevision of events is made to serve the needs of those who seek historical justifications for acts they have already determined to perform. Furnishing the future with excuses, rationalizations, frauds—a factory of cosmetics, costumes, masquerades—history is the great indulger of our will to deception. History is the prophecy of the future, as the nineteenth century well knew; and also the hypocrisy of the future, as we understand it today.

The snob, however, feeds on the frustrations of the scientist, even as the man of action is too busy to become aware of them. The impotence of the serious historian in some miraculous manner becomes transmuted into the prowess of the snob critic and the man of action. The Communist Party is completely indifferent to a resolution of the theoretic dilemmas of Marxism. Again, a school of criticism has sprung up, including Edmund Wilson, Granville Hicks, and Malcolm Cowley, which manipulates a form of critical snobbery, what I would call the historical snub, with a confidence that would bewilder any serious historian. These critics, when attacking a belief, tradition, or ideal, instead of setting forth their reasons for disliking it, simply proclaim that it is dead. Instead of concrete analyses, they serve up what amounts to no more than funeral orations, decked out often enough with some ornate nostalgic patronage. That the trick is effective is demonstrated by the popularity of the method. Mr. Wilson, for example, proclaims the bankruptcy of the poetic imagination because, aside from protesting

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against the present order of society, it is doomed to cultivate its fancies like Axel or make off to Africa like Rimbaud. Who has condemned the imagination to these limiting possibilities? Mr. Wilson does not answer this question directly, but infers that the judgment has come from history; the "times" allow no other courses of significant imaginative action. Malcolm Cowley believes that there are more than two possibilities before the poetic imagination; there is that of Paul Valéry's M. Teste, as well as those of Axel and Rimbaud. But he is in agreement with Mr. Wilson in regard to the sterility of all these avenues. Granville Hicks asserts that important works of art can be produced only by writers who have allied themselves with the masses. Mr. Hicks does not say that he, as a Communist, is interested only in those literary productions that assist the cause of the proletariat; he states categorically the unimportance of any other direction taken by the creative will. All these critics refer their categories to history, to the "times," to the historical predicament of the modern will. In short, at the very moment when critics of Marx, attempting to salvage the revolution, separate it from historical necessity and relate it to man's will to revolution, these literary gentlemen insist that the will to create works of art has come upon a historical situation that it simply cannot surmount. The will to create is characterized as historically dead whenever it appears divorced from the will to revolution, which enjoys in contrast a sort of historic "life." These notions of historic "life" and historic "death" in terms of which an ideal is approved or discredited are of course very popular with the snob mentality. For the snob, disliking the rigors of analysis, willing to stomach analysis only under duress, is hereby provided with his heart's desire—news, intellectual news, handed out in an easily assimilable form.

Malcolm Cowley's essay "The Religion of Art" is an excellent example of the historical snub under well-nigh perfect snob control. Having suggested that the contemporary lack of interest in the Dada phenomenon was due to some such snob criticism as I have described, Mr. Cowley went on to apply this very method to a belief which he did not even clearly define. The belief Mr. Cowley attacked was the belief that life can be justified on only one plane of experience —the aesthetic. And his criticism took the form of a somewhat sentimental funeral oration on the death of symbolism.

Mr. Cowley bands together the notion that existence can be justified only by an aesthetic act, and its corollary belief that the imagination can become autonomous, under the banner "religion of art." These beliefs, he declares, had a duration of about eighty years and were first formulated by Gautier and Flaubert. Their hardiest offspring was symbolism, which in turn gave birth to such various art movements as post-impressionism, cubism, neo-classicism, vorticism, imagism. "At the summit of this literary movement came Dada like a last act that cast a light of farce on the preceding act, like a capstone self-crowned with a dunce-cap."

If Mr. Cowley is to be believed, the "religion of art" was completely circumscribed by a set number of years, endured from the middle nineteenth through twenty-odd years of the twentieth century. It had a beginning, a middle, and an end; it is now dead and we can at last become aware of its history. This Mr. Cowley attempts to relate for us. "It is written," he writes with a rather Biblical solemnity, "that no tendency, no formation of the human mind, is forsaken until every path has been explored, every possibility has been exhausted, nor even until the whole search has been ridiculed by the searchers. Seen from a perspective of years the process is as logical as the growth of a tree: one might say that the Dada movement and its ending were both foreshadowed in the letters of Gustave Flaubert." According to this interpretation of the literary events of the last eighty years, the will to create works of art for the disinterested joy of so doing is dead and done with. By what technique of discovery has Mr. Cowley arrived at such an important bit of news? He gives no indication of his methods of discovery, he even makes no mention of the fact that he is a Communist and fronts the contemporary scene with the Marxist point of view. The inference is that the "religion of art" is so palpable a corpse that no technique is necessary to prove its death. It is sufficient to regard it from a "perspective of years." I hate to raise a point of obvious protest, but nothing can, has, or ever will be seen from a perspective of years. But by simulating an objective view of the art religion in its formal development, "logical as the growth of a tree," Mr. Cowley is enabled to describe symbolism as a nineteenth-century organism, a conception derived from Spengler, and one which it would be hard to reconcile with an informed Marxian criticism. But one could quarrel with a point of view; who can refute the vision of the impersonal perspective of years?

That beliefs lose their importance and vitality is indisputable. But that beliefs endure like organisms for a determined span of years, that they obey an organic law of growth and decline, is an assertion that even the formidable metaphysical apparatus of Spengler was insufficient to sustain. The question of the death of a belief not only is an exceptionally subtle one, but imposes specific responsibilities on the critic. When a critic declares a belief to be dead and ignores these responsibilities, I think he can be called a snob. Ramon Fernandez has made admirably clear the responsibilities which the critic of a belief cannot ignore: "It is permissible to speak of the death of a belief provided we specify our meaning: a belief is bankrupt when the actions that it inspires are too flagrantly out of harmony with the actual situation, and when the explanation offered by sponsors of the belief seems less true than that offered by their adversaries. It is easy to see why these two conditions hang together and why we should examine such questions with an ever alert skepticism."

The twin conditions postulated by Mr. Fernandez, on the basis of which a belief can be said to be dead, have this superlative value: they make impossible historical snobbisms, all vague references to organic decline, and they transform a problem of historical reporting into one of spiritual conflict. The death of a belief, according to these excellent terms, cannot be simply *noticed*. For a belief to die, its deficiencies must be exposed—the contradictions it engenders, the hypocrisies it sanctions. And the critic who is to make the exposure must be secure in a profounder and more comprehensive point of view. I do not say that these conditions actually determine the bankruptcy of beliefs. They are far too ideal to be strictly true. In most cases and for most people a belief is accepted or rejected much too mechanically, donned in indifference and doffed with apathy. But unless a belief is rejected because of the defeat of its sponsors in spiritual conflict, how can its bankruptcy be worthy of notice, what moral or intellectual meaning results from saying that

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it is dead? Democratic liberalism may be said to be dead, not because the world is in a state of economic paranoia, not because a great number of people no longer sponsor it, but because the critics of democratic liberalism, the Marxists for instance, exhibit a profounder understanding of the real structure of democratic society than do the liberals. The news of the death of democratic liberalism seems to have leaked out only recently. In an ideal sense, liberalism was dead in the nineteenth century, supposedly the period of its apotheosis, dead at the hands of its great nineteenth-century critics, Marx, Nietzsche, Dostoevski.

Behind the pronunciamientos of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Cowley, whether asserting limited possibilities before the imagination, the necessity of merging the imagination with the revolutionary will, or declaring that the aesthetic beliefs of the past generation are dead, there basks a complacent, unaffirmative fashionableness. For Messrs. Wilson, Hicks, and Cowley not only make little effort to understand the beliefs they attack; they make the fact that these beliefs are dead their very point of departure. They base their judgments on unknowable principles of historic necessity. But we hear today on every side the confessions of serious historians that it is impossible for them to rest their dialectic instruments against the heart of history without hearing their own hearts beating.

Sean O'Casey

By FLORENCE CODMAN

SINCE the production in Dublin in 1924 of "Juno and the Paycock" Sean O'Casey has received the pellets of the critical firing squads of almost all opposing factions, conservative and radical. He has been hailed as the man who saved the Abbey Theater from death by his plays of Dublin slum life. He has been accused of not portraying that life accurately, although he was born and lived over half his life in it, because he is a Protestant. It has been pointed out that he has not written a workman's drama and it has been lamented that he does not take sides. He offends because he does not use the idiom of extreme political partisans and because his orthodoxy is suspect. He has, in other words, been upbraided for not being a political or economic theorist, and for not being a social or religious reformer. In reply, he has kept right on developing, after his own fashion, his unusually good gifts as a playwright.

The stumbling-block for his critics seems to have been the settings of his plays. In "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars" he has written of the Irish Revolution, and in "The Silver Tassie" of the war, and his fault appears to be that he has not written propaganda. As a matter of fact, Sean O'Casey's concern in these plays is not with the setting, that is, with the issues about which the fighting takes place; what he is interested in primarily is the effect of such a setting on the lives and characters of men and women. The choice of insurrection and war as backgrounds are natural ones to expect of a man of imagination and perception who was a member of the Citizen Army, but with O'Casey these factors are only two among others to be considered as elements conditioning the actions of his characters. To these he adds the simple assumption that when the vigor and well-being of human life are set upon and destroyed, a catastrophe results. By showing the influence of this catastrophe on plain but passionate people he places his plays within the shadow of tragedy. It is, of course, a very old conception of tragedy, this disruption of human life and relationships, but it serves a good purpose in the proper hands. Juno, Bessie and Nora, and Harry, with their maimed and broken lives, are figures of tragic stature.

The foundations for the proportions of his early plays O'Casey lays by his use of certain technical devices and by his great gifts for characterization and language. The plot of "Juno and the Paycock," the poor man who splurges for a brief time on wealth that he does not have, is old and familiar. O'Casey makes an original and impressive play out of it by his sense of comedy and by his use of comedy for dramatic contrast to the heroic figure of Juno and the treachery of her son. Here, as in his other plays set in Dublin, O'Casey displays his ear for the qualities of Irish speech. Like that other Dubliner, James Joyce, his words vibrate, although in a simpler way, with the lovely sound of a language still colored by natural metaphors and timed by the cadence and rhythm of the liturgy. Here, also, is found the first full evidence of the variety and intensity of his power to create personalities, and of the degree of that power in producing tragic sequences.

It is at the end of "Juno and the Paycock," also, that the first intimation occurs of what has lately become O'Casey's chief dramatic problem. Juno realizes, as she goes to identify her dead son's body, that she has not been sorry enough when her friend's son died, because he was a diehard, and remembering that there is a commoner lot for women than differences of political opinion, she repeats Mrs. Tancred's cry of a mother to the Virgin. This suggests the question of how O'Casey is to emphasize a more general significance in his theme than is contained in the mere plot. In "The Plough and the Stars" he uses Fluther and Bessie as spokesmen, and in "The Silver Tassie" he resorts to the antiphonal chanting of the soldiers in the second act. It is, moreover, quite a different problem from mere partiality about extraneous issues suggested by a plot, or from the problem that besets Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill's attempt to show both the natural and the social man deals more with the nature of man. O'Casey struggles to emphasize the universal significance of what happens to man, and his concern leads him (here his theoretical critics may well enter) to the spiritual and religious problems dealt with in his latest play.*

"Within the Gates" is O'Casey's dramatization of the Waste Land of the post-war world, a park where nature continues its seasonal changes uninterrupted, where a statue of a soldier stands as an ineffectual reminder of human folly, where a healthy and employed gardener needs only to know that "desire for a woman's both worship and play," where there is no hope for the unemployed, no faith for a prostitute who cries for it, no living belief left in a bishop. In contrast to the descriptive titles, such as "tragedy" or "tragicomedy," which O'Casey has given to his other work, he calls this simply "A Play in Four Scenes in a London Park." As far as possible everything about it is stylized. No one bears a name other than one indicating his most obvious as-

* "Within the Gates." By Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

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pect: Bishop's Sister, Chairman, Dreamer. No character is individualized. The pleasant use of lyrics continues, also the antiphonal chanting, and the chorus assumes a definite place within the broad structure of the play; all these become for O'Casey, solutions analogous to O'Neill's use of masks and soliloquies. This firmer technical synthesis, however, only increases the impression that in this instance O'Casey is trying to express a mood, a modern temper, in terms of drama.

From a mere reading of the play one gets an effect of vagueness, and doubt about its success. Can a single mood be the sole motif in a play, or better, has O'Casey realized all the dramatic possibilities in creating such a mood? Does he convey dramatically the complete destitution of such an attitude? The answer from the printed text is, Not in "Within the Gates." The improvement in structure has been made at the sacrifice of dramatic effect and interest. Whether or not it is just the change from Dublin to London, certainly most of the language—except in the lyrics—has lost its richness. Action, that is, progression through inevitable sequence, has been relegated to the slender history of the two chair men. The figures of the Whore and the Bishop are static conceptions. They are hollow creatures of no great importance. Nothing really happens to them throughout the play that has not already been indicated in the first act. The impression is of a dehumanized pattern too inconsequential for the technique supporting it.

The one thing still to be remembered about O'Casey is that he is a playwright with strong, distinguished talents who treats his art with honest intelligence, and who is never content with repetitions of past successes. O'Casey is confronting the changing aspects of his material with new ventures in construction, and by so doing he attempts to pose and solve problems which, in the British Isles and the United States, are met too often only by stage designers and directors.

It Is a Moveless Moment

By MARK VAN DOREN

It is a moveless moment, with no wings,
No feet to bring it flying. There it stays,
And there it would be always, like the dead,
But that we turn and find it on some days.
The merest turn; the neck would hardly know;
Then the sky dips, and all the landmarks go.

So is the world contracted to our eyes,
That, lacking any room for more, for less,
See all of it together, fine and small,
With no mark on it of our nothingness.
The littleness is lost that we could measure—
Knowing not then of this compacter treasure.

It is the moment when we understand,
Relaxing every effort to be wise.
It is the moment of our boundary's fall—
Proud stone, that we had armed against surprise.
It is the merest moment. Then again
We turn and are distinguishable men.

Books

Twice as Natural

Some People. By Harold Nicolson. The World's Classics. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

WHEN Harold Nicolson's little volume first appeared in the United States it was missed by a great many persons including myself. Indeed, very few copies were, I believe, actually sold, and under the circumstances I see no reason why it should not now be reviewed in this reprint from the Oxford University Press. It is not the sort of thing which is acclaimed with noisy cries, but it is destined nevertheless to an enduring life. Individuals will discover it with glad surprise and friends will regard one another with renewed respect when they learn that each, unknown to the other, has read "Some People" with enthusiasm. Those who like to employ such labels will call it "minor" but that does not matter. It is one of those very rare things quite perfect in their kind.

A warning on the flyleaf reads: "Many of the following sketches are purely imaginary. Such truths as they may contain are only half-truths." That, I suspect, is an overstatement, and I fancy that except for the fictitious names the portraits are taken from life. But be that as it may, the nine personages described ought to have lived even if they never did. They are more like persons we know than the persons themselves, and if they are not bigger than life they are at least twice as natural. Mr. Nicolson, an anatomist of souls, paints from the inside out, and he manages somehow to define in each case the characteristics of a type while seeming to describe a perfectly definite individual. He has selected his specimens from all over the face of Europe and each has a very definite habitation and name. Lambert Orme could have come only from Oxford, Titty could have been born only in an upper-middle-class English home. And yet they are more than individuals. The first contains in himself much of all aesthetes; the second is eternal mediocrity embodied for this brief time in a member of the British Foreign Service. Moreover, Mr. Nicolson is no less successful in presenting in a few vivid scenes the three or four historic characters who mingle in his pages with the ostensibly fabulous personages. Lord Curzon reposing in "the simple squalor of my bedroom" and Marcel Proust elaborately arranging to introduce the author to a French count whom the former already knows are unforgettable apparitions.

No doubt everyone who has written about the book has compared it to the work of Max Beerbohm and, specifically, to "Seven Men." Undoubtedly, moreover, the resemblance is, in many respects, real enough. Mr. Nicolson also is a writer's writer, a man of the utmost sophistication who devotes himself here to the exquisitely etched delineation of the foibles of human beings and addresses himself only to those who are capable of at least appreciating an almost morbidly acute sensitivity. But Mr. Nicolson's cleverness is not, like Beerbohm's, completely dehumanizing. There is a substance, a warmth, which Beerbohm lacks, and no tendency on his part—as there certainly is on that of Beerbohm—to flatten the characters out into mere parodies. He is less brittle and also less brilliant—if the latter adjective be taken in its literal meaning and not as a vague term of praise. Mr. Nicolson, in other words, does not merely sparkle and glitter. There is a richness and a warmth about his creations. They are all either fundamentally or at least incidentally ridiculous, but they are not exclusively either. He does not, like Beerbohm, merely see through his subjects; he comprehends them also.

It is difficult to choose a single illustration capable of even

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suggesting his quiet but compact and continuously meaty style. Nevertheless, I select a few sentences from the conclusion of the sketch devoted to Jeanne de Hénaut, who coached Mr. Nicolson for his French examination. It was not until after the war that he met her again, and when they talked of the air raids in Paris he suggested that of course she had been able to find refuge in the cellar:

> The eyes flashed for a moment with their old fire: she drew herself up with the old Theodora manner: "Non, monsieur," she exclaimed in her resonant baritone, "non, monsieur! La cousine germaine du Général Mangin couche au cinquième."
>
> I did not see her again: she died soon afterwards; and in 1919, meeting General Mangin at a dinner party, I told him about Jeanne and the air raids, thinking he would be diverted by the story. He was not diverted. He failed, I think, to observe in it anything either of pathos or of humor. He drew himself rigidly to attention. He struck his chest so that all the medals thereon danced like harebells upon the downs. And then he started shouting. "Ah, ça!" he shouted. "Ah, ça! C'est bien elle; c'est bien la France!"
>
> On recovering from my astonishment at this outburst, I reflected that, after all, the General might be right.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

T. S. Eliot, Grand Inquisitor

After Strange Gods. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

IN a curious preface in which he seems to apologize for putting these three lectures into print at all, Mr. Eliot announces that he has no desire to preach (this is the word that he uses) to those whose views are fundamentally opposed to his own. Controversy, in our time at least, he believes to be entirely futile: there are not enough common assumptions, and the most important assumptions are, in any case, those that are felt rather than those that can be formulated. This should be properly discouraging to most readers—to all, in fact, except those whom Mr. Eliot designates as the "possibly convertible." It should probably serve as a sufficient warning to all others to absent themselves from Mr. Eliot's services, to leave him at peace among his candlesticks and prayer books. But there is a certain note of challenging arrogance in this reasoning. It consists not so much in the implication that the assumptions Mr. Eliot is going to make are the only right ones as in the implication that these assumptions are necessarily peculiar to the particular point of view which Mr. Eliot has expressed in all his recent criticism. The most fundamental of these assumptions is of course the importance for criticism, the primacy over all other kinds of problems, of the moral problem—"the conflict between Good and Evil." And in his preface to the present collection Mr. Eliot warns us quite fairly that it is once again in the role of moralist that he ascends the platform; the subtitle of his book is "A Primer of Modern Heresy." He is perfectly right, therefore, in insisting that all those not interested in his subject should withdraw from the congregation. But it does not follow that anyone interested in morality in general, or in the particular question of the relations between morality and modern literature, should pay him the same courtesy. Morality is one of the broadest of the many broad terms that we are in the habit of using in criticism; and it is the right, indeed the duty, of anyone genuinely concerned about modern literature to examine a little into the application of the term that Mr. Eliot makes in this collection.

Tradition is again Mr. Eliot's principal subject in these lectures—that view of tradition which is the fruit of the grotesque misalliance in France at the beginning of the present century between American pragmatism and ultra-montane Catholicism. As a view of society and culture requiring a fundamental religious emotion at its base to give it any true validity for this or any time, it reveals its weakness through the inappropriate ardor with which it is usually expressed—an ardor that is much more distinctly of the mind than of the heart. Like his masters, Charles Maurras and Jacques Maritain, Mr. Eliot makes the mistake of protesting quite a little too much; his logic is much too fluent; and in such a passage as the following what we hear is the accents of a man trying hard to convince himself of something rather than those of a man who is completely—that is, emotionally as well as intellectually—persuaded of what he is taking about.

> What we can do is to use our minds, remembering that a tradition without intelligence is not worth having, to discover what is the best life for us not as a political abstraction, but as a particular people in a particular place; what in the past is worth preserving and what should be rejected; and what conditions, within our power to bring about, would foster the society that we would desire.

Obviously in such a statement Mr. Eliot is more concerned with expressing a desire than with recognizing a reality. His confusion is a result of failing to distinguish between what is, at the present stage in the development of Western European culture, possible and what his sensibility sets up as desirable. Mr. Eliot is a poet, and since poets not infrequently fall into such confusions, he may be understood—if not altogether pardoned. For the danger of such a confusion becomes apparent a little later on the same page when the corollary that homogeneity is necessary for tradition leads Mr. Eliot to conclude that "reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." Using such a remark as a basis, we need not stumble over ourselves in the effort to prove that Mr. Eliot is a fascist. Theoretically, Mr. Eliot is for royalism rather than for fascism, which are not the same thing in theory, although in actuality they may be the same thing today. What the remark illustrates is the kind of inhuman and unrealistic conclusion to which Mr. Eliot's confused and sentimental view of tradition inevitably leads the moment that he touches a particular contemporary reality.

And this brings us back to the fundamental question of morality as it enters into Mr. Eliot's inquisition of modern letters. For it is possible to discover in the confusion just pointed out, in Mr. Eliot's persistent refusal to see the modern world as it is, a wilfulness that is at least as morally reprehensible as any of the sins of the several heretic modern writers whom he singles out for rebuke. D. H. Lawrence undoubtedly suffered from being cut off from a settled religious and social tradition; his work is tainted to a marked degree with the modern vices of "sincerity" and "personality." It is even possible to agree that in many cases his influence has been more harmful than good. But what still gives to his work a moral justification, what cancels whatever incidental unmoral or "diabolic" elements may be found in it, is his effort, the essentially *moral* effort, to include all of the truth as he perceived it in the vision of the modern world that he left at his death. There was in him no sacrifice of honest perception for the sake of an intellectual structure which, however appealing it may be to the dialectic faculties, no longer has sufficient feasibility for our time. A distinction that may be made, therefore, is between the morality of the writer conceived as effort—the unrelenting effort to integrate his perceptions with his beliefs, to reconcile the actual with the ideal—and the morality of the artist conceived as conformity to a systematized body of beliefs deriving from the conditions of an earlier period of religion and culture. Of these two views of morality Mr. Eliot has chosen the see-

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ond; and the unfortunate consequences of his choice are revealed not only in his verse, in the progressive weakness of everything that he has written since "The Waste Land," but in his prose, in such a frank admission as this of the separation in the same personality between the artist and the critic: "I should say that in one's prose reflections one may be legitimately occupied with ideals, whereas in the writing of verse one can only deal with actuality." In psychological terms, this amounts to nothing less than a "schizoid" state of the personality; and since one of the objects of morality is the unification of the personality, one can only conclude that there is something profoundly wrong with Mr. Eliot's view of morality. For the poet nothing could be more useless or infertile than a system of beliefs which cannot stand up under the pressure of the actuality with which he has to deal. And in the critic who, like Mr. Eliot, is also a poet nothing could be more indefensible than this blithe acceptance of the divorce between "ideals" and "actuality." Do we not have here an example of that *unregenerate* self-deception which, as everyone knows, is one of the ways in which Mr. Eliot's favorite antagonist, the devil, works in the modern world?

WILLIAM TROY

The Art of William Faulkner

Doctor Martino and Other Stories. By William Faulkner. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Faulkner is on a number of counts the most interesting contemporary American writer of fiction, there is good ground for doubting that he is on his way to becoming quite first-rate as a novelist. All his readers agree that he can tell a story and that his use of language is dazzling; the general public buy his novels also because he gives them shivers and satiates their prurience; while the aestheticians are fascinated by his experiments in form. He is perhaps the only American whose achievement in this latter respect is at all comparable with that of Joyce, Mann, or Mrs. Woolf. After their several fashions, these writers have brought the novel closer to poetry, which in turn has aspired to the condition of the even more formal arts of music and painting. It is likely that the novel can no longer be the amorphous and pedestrian affair that it has been too often in the past, but there is also reason to believe that its matter will continue to be no less important than the manner. Mann and Joyce are bulky at least partly because they have something of consequence to say, while Mrs. Woolf's work appears slighter and Faulkner's tangential because their virtues reside almost wholly in the saying.

If Faulkner as a novelist is something of an eccentric, he is nevertheless quite in the main tradition of the short story. One hesitates to mention a novel of his in the same breath with "Tom Jones," "War and Peace," "The Brothers Karamazov," or "The Magic Mountain," but he seems the legitimate heir of Poe, Maupassant, Bierce, and Gorki. It is not only that the short story is largely a feat of craftsmanship: Faulkner's violent and morbid subject matter is better suited to the briefer type of fiction. In the short story a kick is obligatory; a few cocktails in the hour before dinner are in order, though one soon becomes groggy in the attempt to make an evening of them.

Faulkner's principal structural device, likewise, is more adequate to the short story than to the novel. It has been remarked that for all the abundance of action in his writings most of Faulkner's characters are static. The interest lies in the gradual revelation of character and of situation rather than in their development. When, toward the end of "Sanctuary," the reader at last finds out what happened in the barn and what is the matter with Popeye, he may very easily conclude that it was not worth all the mystification and the pother. This method, however, with the jolt of realization on the last page, is an admirable device of economy in the short story, and it supplies the structure of many of the best tales in the present volume. Turn About, a war story, builds up to the discovery by an American aviator that a childish-appearing English midshipman who goes about playing beaver with his captain is really engaged in operating a particularly dangerous kind of torpedo boat. In Doctor Martino a college man slowly comes to understand the Svengali-like spell that an elderly physician with heart trouble has over his fiancee. (The story, however, does not end here, but is forced on to a conventional melodramatic conclusion.) Death Drag reveals the preternatural stinginess of a Jew who risks his life daily by a leap from an airplane.

The device is, in fact, closely akin to the stock in trade of the detective author; and in Smoke, Mr. Faulkner has written a perfectly orthodox, although superior, mystery story, with the classical list of suspects and the trick of the lawyer-detective to catch the murderer at the end. The Hound, too, would not seem out of place in Miss Sayers's next "Omnibus of Crime."

Although Faulkner has gained renown almost exclusively for his blood and thunder, there are passages of humor here and there which are more than sardonic, which are almost cleansing. There is also not infrequently an authentic note of tenderness and wistfulness. It would be hard to surpass the deft portrayal, in Fox Hunt, of the glamor which an utterly lost lady has for the poor white boy ("She's got her hair down. It looks like the sun on a spring branch"), and his inarticulate grief at the end upon learning that she can cry; or the glimpse of the great world that the Confederate major brings to the Tennessee mountain youth and his sister in Mountain Valley. Such touches, romantic and slightly sentimental as they are, testify to a side of Faulkner which is capable of development into something less fragile.

His ventures into the realm of ideas, on the other hand, are rather distressing. There is the confused and pointless essay in eschatology entitled Beyond, and the gratuitous conclusion of Turn About, where one comes upon this thought which is placed in the mind of the aviator who hurls his plane, with its two remaining bombs, at the château which serves as enemy headquarters: "God! God! If they were all there—all the generals, the admirals, the presidents, and the kings—theirs, ours—all of them." This morsel of social philosophy, crude and trite enough in itself, has not been in any way prepared for in the story, which is a plain tale of personal courage. Perhaps it is well that Faulkner generally leaves ideas alone and sticks to the craft of story-telling, in which he is unexcelled.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Roots of Our Foreign Policy

The Idea of National Interest. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

THIS is the first of two volumes in which Dr. Beard, with that combination of erudition and pungency which gives him an outstanding place among American political thinkers, proposes to discover what may be called the roots of American policy in the international field. This first volume presents the historical evidence. It is a valuable survey of the substance embodied in the conception of national interest for which Americans have worked and intrigued and fought and died since the foundation of the Republic. A later volume will pass judgment upon the ideas here revealed.

No one can read through this first instalment of the book without real interest and constant illumination. It is, perhaps, a little disappointing to have to wait for Dr. Beard's comments until a later stage; there is hardly a chapter of his narrative

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which does not cry out for interpretation. But this vital theme has never before been so profoundly illuminated. Even at this stage the book is a contribution of decisive importance to what may be termed the physiology of the national state. The meaning of the history here unfolded begins clearly to emerge. It is one more instance of the vital part played by economic interests in shaping the psychological concepts by which a people lives. When Madison wrote in the *Federalist* that "the only durable source of faction is property," he gave the major clue to the understanding of American history. The substance of the idea of national interest has been the result of ways of thought among the major economic groups in the United States by which they sought to increase their wealth. They identified this effort with the national interest, and where they were able to dominate the political machinery of the State, they dragged the masses behind them in their struggle. American history, in a word, follows the same path as that of all the chief capitalist states. The differences in its texture are of degree rather than of kind. No statesmen show the same ability to wrap up the simple formulas of economic imperialism in the high-sounding phrases of moral obligation as those of England or France, Germany or Italy. The likeness, for example, here illustrated in invaluable detail, between the habits of Theodore Roosevelt and those of Cecil Rhodes would make a tragi-comic essay of high interest. An ardent Marxian would have a happy time with Dr. Beard's rich storehouse of material. Business men are business men all the world over; the only difference between them is one of accent.

It is now about twenty years since the accident of an American adventure first brought me into contact with Dr. Beard's writings. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing the debt that I, in common with innumerable students, owe to him for the light he has thrown on some of the major problems of the social sciences. No American scholar with whom I am acquainted has done finer work than he in clearing the ground for those interpretative generalizations out of which alone a satisfactory social philosophy can be made. He has not been satisfied, as too many American scholars have been satisfied, to analyze material without evaluating its significance. He has attacked always the major issues at their central point. He has not been content with the uncritical acceptance of those formal concepts which so often conceal the actual drive of interests behind them. It is true that he has formulated no consistent or systematic philosophy of politics; none has been formulated in the America of our time. But it is clear that the day for such a formulation is rapidly approaching. When it comes, I believe it will be found that no one has made a more solid contribution than Charles Beard to the elements from which it will have to be fashioned.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Report on the Vatican

The Vatican: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. By George Seldes. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

MR. SELDES'S "Vatican" is a superb piece of "reporting." He approaches the church in its capital, its buildings, its organizations, its institutions, its personnel, very much in the attitude of a newspaperman newly arrived on this planet who has never heard of the church before, is discovering it with all the enthusiasm of a man who is certain of making a "scoop," and hurries off a description of it, simple, clear, well-informed, omitting all that is pedantic, keeping everything that is picturesque, curious, stirring, truly important. Everybody knows something about the Vatican and the organization of the church; but there are few indeed who are so familiar with it that they cannot read with profit and entertainment every one of the chapters in this book. What happens, exactly, when a pope dies? How, exactly, is a new pope elected? How does a pope pass his day? What does he have for breakfast? What, exactly, is Saint Peter's, or the "Leonine City," or the Vatican Library? How does one get an audience with the pope? How is a saint sanctified? What is the Index of prohibited books? How is it managed? What is its significance? In what sense is the church a nation or state, in what a strictly religious organization? What are the congregations, what the papal tribunals? Is the church still rich, and how does it get its money and what does it do with it? What is the relation of the church to politics and diplomacy, what its connection with Catholic political parties? Who got the best of it—Pope or Mussolini? What is the status of the church in Russia? What is Americanism and what are its chances? How about divorce? Miracles? Christian unity? Boni de Castellane? These, and a thousand other questions Mr. Seldes investigates in the best journalistic manner, bending over backwards meantime to avoid editorializing, putting a papal encyclical and the manifesto of the Ku Klux Klan on an equal footing (and may the best man win!), maintaining all along the conscientious aloofness and objectivity of the reporter. It is all instructive, it all makes splendid reading, for Catholic and non-Catholic alike. This, moreover, is a book one should have under one's arm before visiting the Vatican. As a historical guidebook, it has no equal.

Looking at the Vatican, and the church in general, from the standpoint of their immediate present-day interest, Mr. Seldes has to go back over nearly two thousand years of history and summarize it in the same rapid, clear, and simple manner, quite apart from the complexities of historical criticism. In such cases the newspaperman relies on his "authority," who, asked a simple question, makes a simple answer, and his interviewer, as regards the soundness of his information, can only trust to his luck. Catholic history, besides, is not history but Catholic history, just as Catholic "thought" is not thought but "Catholic thought." Mr. Seldes accepts this situation with the matter-of-factness of a reporter; and well he can, for the magician Arnuphis is surely not going to sue him for the theft, to the advantage of the Christians, of one of the most authentic of pagan miracles—the rescue of Marcus Aurelius (page 49); nor will any descendant of the Roman prefect Praetextatus write to the papers to protest that the good-humored chaffing which that pagan addressed to Pope Damasus on the score of his popularity with Roman matrons is here attributed to "jealousy" and even made to serve as proof of the prestige of the pope. So again, jumping over a few centuries, which count for little anyhow, since the newspaperman is interested only in tomorrow, only a few pedants can possibly object that the Albigensian Crusade is pictured upside down (page 153), since in that way, doubtless, the policy of the church looks more pious. All the same, one's faith in the possibility of popular education is shaken a little when, after all the effort and genius that have been spent by historians on such an important historical episode as the rise of the church, a journalist of the exceptional talents of Mr. Seldes can get, in his hasty glance, nothing more than the fairy story he offers (pages 46-55).

Of great interest, instead, and great authority, is the picture Mr. Seldes's materials leave of the present status of the church in the Western world. It is the picture of a struggling organization that is waging, with great assurance, a battle for survival against all manner of conflicting forces. Eclipsed in Russia, with matters even in the Balkans, on the defensive in the Latin world, definitely losing ground in South America, it can find consolation in the very definite recoveries it has made in the old Protestant countries, and especially in the United States, where immigration, and the prosperity of the immigrants, have made it an actual power that promises to increase. In

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nationalism the church is meeting a peril quite as serious as the threat it encountered in the old days in the revival of learning, the Reformation, the democratic revolution. But in its war with the nations the church has the advantage of a many-sided front, so that if no victory is ever decisive, no defeat is ever irreparable: what it loses at one point it regains somewhere else. Over many, many centuries the church has been predominantly an Italian institution, reflecting the Italian temperament and especially the temperament of the Italian lower classes. That has enabled it successfully to weather all storms by holding aloof in characteristic Italian cynicism from all the moral and intellectual revolutions that have shaken the modern world, assuring on the one hand progress in civilization but on the other ever threatening the destruction of civilization. With the collapse of Austria the church lost its last citadel in the political world it had known for centuries. It was forced to become a self-contained state and to assume a definitely international status. This is bound in the end to weaken Italian influence, and the church therefore finds itself threatened with an inundation of Irish fanaticism rolling in from the United States and bearing on its crest an unmistakable foam of Puritan seriousness. One may speculate in any number of senses on the resultant that will materialize from these new forces. But if one looks at the church over the whole course of its history one is brought to the conclusion that the weight of the sentimental forces which it organizes and exploits is virtually constant in the peoples of the Western world. The ups and downs in church power are determined less by any variation in those forces themselves than by variations in the opposing forces. In times of decadence and bewilderment the church comes to the fore. In times of progress and boom it tends to drop out of sight. Any marked increase in the manifestation of church influence indicates a lowering of standards in the social fabric. On the other hand, any great diminution in church influence indicates an unstable equilibrium which may spell eventual ruin. That is the situation that is ever recurring in history. There is no great probability that it is any different today.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

The Enlightenment

A History of Modern Culture. By Preserved Smith. Volume II: *The Enlightenment, 1687-1776.* Henry Holt and Company. $5.

THIS is an informing but not particularly illuminating book. As a compendium of facts about the cultural life of Western Europe and America in the century following the publication of Newton's "Principia" it deserves warm praise. The range of its themes is unusually wide for a work of the sort; there are chapters on the accomplishments of the Enlightenment in the various fields of learning—natural science, philosophy, political and economic theory, historiography, classical and Biblical scholarship; on the rise of the modern prose style; on the progress of the arts of poetry, drama, painting, architecture, and music; on "the propaganda of the Enlightenment"; on educational institutions and theories; on deism and skepticism and the religious reaction and revival; on the decline of superstition and persecution; on changes in laws, morals, and manners. The treatment, moreover, is characterized by the same qualities of solid and conscientious learning which have marked Professor Smith's earlier volumes on Erasmus, the age of the Reformation, and the seventeenth century. Errors of fact, it is true, can occasionally be found. But such blemishes are far less frequent than in most works by single authors embracing so large a field; and the reason is that Professor Smith, unlike many other recent writers of historical "surveys," has

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taken the trouble both to read the sources—or the more important of them—for himself and to make use of the best modern scholarship available on all the varied subjects included in his design. The admirable bibliographies, filling thirty closely printed pages at the end of the book, give some indication of how seriously he has gone about this part of his task.

Instructive the work undoubtedly is. What is not so certain is that it reveals either a fresh or an adequate understanding of the period with which it deals. The reader, for one thing, will look in vain for any satisfactory account of several of the most important general ideas which meet him wherever he may turn in the reflective literature and belles-lettres of the Enlightenment. There is no hint anywhere in the book, for example, of the profound influence exerted on the philosophy, science, and religious apologetics of the eighteenth century by the old notion of the Chain of Being. Nor is justice anywhere done by Professor Smith to the vogue of the sacred term "Nature" or to the real character and significance of many of the conceptions expressed by this highly important but ambiguous word. It is noteworthy that the bibliographies contain references to none of the valuable papers of Professor Lovejoy on these and other aspects of the history of ideas during the period.

But what makes one most dubious about Professor Smith's understanding of the Enlightenment is the formula which he uses to sum it up. "The distinguishing character of the Enlightenment," he remarks in his opening chapter, "was . . . the prevalent confidence in reason. It was the Age of Reason, the age in which the human understanding enjoyed a higher authority than it has ever enjoyed before or since." There is of course a sense in which this hackneyed description, when properly qualified, can still be used with reference to the eighteenth century. But to employ it, as Professor Smith for the most part does, without qualification is to do an immense disservice to the cause of historical understanding. For whatever else one may say about this age—the age of the deists, of the association psychologists, of the sentimentalists, of Bayle, Mandeville, Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Richardson, Hume, Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau—it will certainly not do to describe it as a period distinguished by its peculiar confidence in the rational powers of man.

The more pronounced forms of anti-intellectualism represented by Hume or Rousseau were not, it is true, very widely prevalent. But it is seriously to misconceive the temper of the Enlightenment not to recognize in a large number of its most influential and representative spokesmen the presence of convictions hostile to many of the most cherished beliefs of both the remote and the immediate past concerning the capacity of the human intellect and the value of its productions. Such convictions found clear expression in many couplets of that most typical poem of the age, the "Essay on Man." They colored much of the current admiration for savages and the life of simple and unsophisticated peoples. They were a major force in the tide of sentimentalism which had begun to rise both in England and in France long before Rousseau. They were reflected in the tirades of Voltaire and numberless others against "metaphysics" and "systems" and in the growing skepticism, in spite of the persistence of the Newtonian tradition, of anything but "raw empiricism" in science. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the central assumption of what is ordinarily called "the rationalism of the Enlightenment"—the assumption that the only sure or important truths must be those which are or can be known by all men in all places and times—carried with it a definitely anti-intellectualist implication. For obviously, on this assumption, "reason" is reduced to "common sense," and the only valuable or significant products of the mind are those which require, not demonstrative reasoning, but only immediate intuitions or easy inductions from the experience common to all. It was in the writings of the deists—those theologians who abandoned theology for social service and who insisted, as Swift very unkindly put it, that religion must contain "nothing which cannot be presently comprehended by the weakest noddle"—that the tendency to depreciate the speculative intellect in favor of a "good sense which is more common, and of more use than distinguish'd Abilities" found its most thoroughgoing expression. But the tendency itself was too widespread in all fields of reflection to be neglected in any attempt to characterize the epoch as a whole. It was an epoch, as Hume clearly saw, which set a higher value on the "easy philosophy" which "considers man as born chiefly for action" than on difficult theoretical reasoning. "The fame of Cicero flourishes at present; but that of Aristotle is utterly decayed. . . . And Addison, perhaps, will be read with pleasure, when Locke shall be entirely forgotten."

R. S. Crane

Lloyd George Betrayed

Lord Riddell's Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and After. 1918-1923. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.75.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE might well have prayed to be spared this latest volume of his would-be Boswell. Though Lord Riddell frankly admires his old chief, and frequently quotes Winston Churchill and others as exclaiming, "What a wonderful man this is," it is none the less plain that that chief was by no means always a hero to his journalistic valet and publicity man. Certainly an occasional criticism or showing up might well be pardoned anyone who comments upon the doings of one of the half-dozen men who got the world into its present mess, and did not know how to extricate it. But the damage Lord Riddell does to Lloyd George lies not in his criticism but in the whole portrait he draws of the Prime Minister with whom he golfed and dined so regularly, whom he advised, reported, and often steered away successfully from Scylla and Charybdis. How anyone can read this volume and believe that Lloyd George is a great man, without reducing ordinary men to the scale of mere pigmies, is beyond the understanding of the present reviewer. Indubitably Lloyd George in his prime had tremendous vigor, drive, and force, was able and shrewd, a marvelous debater hindered neither by consistency nor genuine principles nor much consideration for anyone. He was usually a remarkable judge of men, capable of recognizing their abilities quickly and of playing upon their vanities and weaknesses. He was extremely skilful in the conference *à deux*, but if anybody hereafter should assert that Lloyd George was deep or profound or high-minded, that he had an exalted vision or exalted aims, that he was an intellectual giant, Lord Riddell's diary will refute him.

Not one elevated thought does this day-by-day diarist attribute to the man who raised him to the peerage and largely gave him his opportunity to be the skilful press chief that he was. There is not even a single sentence which sticks in the memory to indicate that Lloyd George had any genuine desire to serve humanity and to make over the world. Only once is there a faint sign that England's second war-time Premier really felt grief for the thousands upon thousands he sent to their deaths. He was without any genuine plan to achieve the pretended aims of the war, and without any understanding—until recently—of the deadly blows he helped to strike at the peace and happiness of the world at the Peace Conference, the responsibility for which he has been so ready, of late, to lay at other people's doors. If one puts Lord Riddell's book down with an even clearer understanding of how the world has been betrayed by the stupidity and folly of the men who have headed its governments since 1914, one also wonders that with its destiny in such hands as these it survived at all.

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Lord Riddell himself is the proprietor of a British weekly newspaper which has an enormous circulation—more than 2,000,000 copies—but which adds nothing whatever to the dignity or character of the British press. Indeed, there was sharp protest in England when Lord Riddell (then plain George Riddell) was originally selected by the London and provincial newspapers to attend the Peace Conference as an official link between the conference and the British press. However, the arrangement worked so well that he was subsequently asked to function at all the succeeding conferences, including the Naval Limitations Conference at Washington. He has ingratiating ways and made himself very popular not only with the British press men but with the Americans and with other foreigners. But he speedily became more than a mere link. He won the favor of Lloyd George, to whom he was often a frank critic, so that he rapidly became an intimate. Hence his book deals chiefly with Lloyd George. He served the Prime Minister and his government well; it was remarked at the various conferences that he was extremely skilful in getting over British propaganda and always presented the English case in the best possible light. Sometimes this led to violent protests, notably from the French. But he was a "good fellow" who mixed well, drank with everybody, and played his cards with great skill.

One thing we must credit him with. He writes now with such frankness that we get some extremely valuable historical data to confute those who still pretend that the Allied crusade against Germany was an altruistic, unselfish, high-minded adventure to save the world from the Hun and destruction. For example, here is Lloyd George's summary on March 30, 1919, of what England achieved at the Peace Conference, a long time before the signing of the treaty:

> The truth is that we have got our way. We have got most of the things we set out to get. If you had told the British people twelve months ago that they would have secured what they have, they would have laughed you to scorn. The German navy has been handed over; the German mercantile shipping has been handed over, and the German colonies have been given up. *One of our chief trade competitors has been seriously crippled,* and our Allies are about to become her biggest creditors. That is no small achievement. In addition we have destroyed the menace to our Indian possessions. . . . Our aim is to secure a peace that will last. [!]

We get also a great deal of light upon how Woodrow Wilson appeared to the men who so successfully took him into camp and undid him. Thus, Riddell quotes Lloyd George as saying: "I am one of the few people who think him honest. I think he is a genuine lover of liberty and is genuinely anxious to improve the conditions of the under-dog." Lloyd George did not think Wilson a good speaker, "but he said arresting things and was a good phrase-maker." To this Riddell replied that "Wilson had a very attractive method of delivery—very insinuating, and that he gave the appearance, at any rate, of sincerity." Lloyd George early discovered Wilson's greatest weakness: "He is very vain." This discovery of the weak joints in Wilson's armor was not difficult, but few men would have had Lloyd George's skill in making use of that knowledge, with the result that on May 4 Bonar Law remarked that he thought "Lloyd George had got the better of Wilson, who had to give up most of his Fourteen Points." On this occasion it was Riddell who summed up the extent of the British victories: "The freedom of the seas has been relegated to the background, and we have got the German colonies, Mesopotamia, and Palestine. Our protectorate of Egypt has been confirmed. They are big things." Which is sufficient commentary upon the hypocrisy of the whole mandate business. Riddell dwells also upon the fact that Wilson "showed in his manner the combination of the professor and politician—punctiliousness and craftiness." One thing more as

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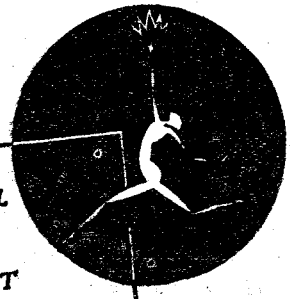

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to Wilson. Lloyd George, Hankey, and Riddell were discussing the President and the League:

> L. G. and Hankey recalled that when Wilson brought forward the League of Nations he said that Jesus Christ had had the idea but had not put it into practical shape, whereas he, Wilson, was now prepared with a definite plan. "His plan," said L. G., "was borrowed from Smuts." He said, "I gave him Smuts's plan and begged him to consider it. He intimated that he did not want any assistance but, after reading Smuts's memorandum, swallowed it whole, and the League as propounded was merely a British production although fathered by President Wilson."

All of which is respectfully submitted for the information of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and the League of Nations Association, together with the fact that as early as August, 1919, Lloyd George said: "The League, I am sorry to say, is a failure."

Is it any wonder that when a deputation came to Downing Street in 1919 carrying a banner bearing the inscription "God will see right done," Bonar Law's Roman Catholic governess remarked, "That banner is no good. They don't know God in this street"?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

H. L. Mencken Reflects

Treatise on Right and Wrong. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

MR. MENCKEN'S "Treatise on Right and Wrong" is a companion volume to his "Treatise on the Gods," which was published four years ago. It is constructed according to the same plan and of much the same materials, and offers the reader a similar melange of instruction and entertainment. In the earlier work he tried to show that an intelligent modern man can get along very well without religion, and in this one his main concern is with the correlative proposition that a sound morality can exist without religious sanctions. This opinion is at least as old as Confucius and probably came overland to Europe, toward the close of the Middle Ages, in the same caravan with playing cards and the formula for making rag paper. The value of Mr. Mencken's work does not lie, of course, in any novelty of research or thought but in the unique, personal, literature-creating quality that he can impart even to a random book review or to a routine newspaper story. In the "Treatise on Right and Wrong" he is at his best. The five chapters on the nature and origin of morality, its evolution, variety, Christian form, and present state, together with its elaborate bibliography and full index, give it the appearance of a systematic textbook. Mr. Mencken disclaims any such intention. All that he has attempted, he says in his preface, is to present some unearthings of fact that have interested him and to add a few reflections and ruminations upon them, and he acknowledges that he has allowed himself a certain amount of rambling in his exposition.

Read in that light, the "Treatise" is an excellent informal essay on the development of moral ideas, provided that one bears in mind certain of Mr. Mencken's idiosyncrasies. Although he considers ethics one of the sciences, he is so afraid of falling into pedantry that he evades the business of defining its field and the concepts with which it operates, and for that sin against the first principles of scientific method he is punished severely by the resulting confusion of thought. In consequence his discussion of reason and the social instinct is murky and superficial, and he judges the ancient Jews by their tribal morality, ignoring the prophets, and judges the Greeks by Aristotle, ignoring the rank and file of free Athenians, without suspecting the validity of his procedure. When he comes to Christianity he chooses to disregard the distinction, made by all reputable theologians, between the Visible Church, consisting of all who profess to be Christians, and the Invisible Church, consisting of those who are. The latter are few in number, make no noise, and get no attention, but some of them are up front in every battle for a good cause, and it is misleading for Mr. Mencken to allude to them, when he alludes to them at all, as "heretics." Finally, much as it fascinates him, he has no particular talent for the apprehension of intricate philosophical thought. He can understand an Aristotle or an Aquinas, and understanding them, he admires them and praises them in noble and eloquent prose; but he fails to discern in Augustine the qualities that have made historians think of him as the first modern man, and his brief mention and dismissal of Kant is positively silly.

These lapses, singled out and tabulated, look more destructive than they actually are, for they do not damage his main contentions. They are regrettable chiefly because they can be used to discredit the book, which deserves to be widely read as propaganda for an ethics based on intelligence and good-will without borrowing authority from religion. It is the first popular work on ethics to demonstrate that organized religion, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been a fairly consistent foe of moral progress. It may be hoped, too, that Mr. Mencken's belief that it is a fundamental moral duty "to be intelligent, or, at all events, to be as intelligent as possible," will be duly pondered by his readers, and that the enthusiastic pages on Aristotle will induce some of them to read the "Nicomachean Ethics" for themselves. But the principal service of the "Treatise" should be to dispel the common notion that the study of ethics is dull, inane, and useless. Of that idea, at least, Mr. Mencken has provided a complete and triumphant refutation.

GEORGE GENZMER

The Art of Yielding

Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour. By John Tasker Howard. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50.

They All Sang; From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. As Told to Abbott J. Liebling by Edward B. Marks. The Viking Press. $3.50.

"I FIND that I cannot write at all," we read in a letter by Stephen Foster, "unless I write for public applause and get credit for what I write." Foster was addressing E. P. Christy, of Christy's Minstrels. He had sold Christy the right to appear as the author and composer of "Old Folks at Home"; but following the great popular success of this "Ethiopian melody," he had considerably altered his plans for his career as a song-writer. In this same letter he explains:

> As I once intimated to you, I had the intention of omitting my name on my Ethiopian songs, owing to the prejudice against them by some, which might injure my reputation as a writer of another style of music, but I find that by my efforts I have done a great deal to build up a taste for the Ethiopian songs among refined people by making the words suitable to their taste, instead of the trashy and really offensive words which belong to some songs of that order. Therefore I have concluded to reinstate my name on my songs and to pursue the Ethiopian business without fear or shame and lend all my energies to making the business live, at the same time that I will wish to establish my name as the best Ethiopian song-writer.

The art song, no matter how great its pretensions, falls clearly in the category of "business." It was written as a sales commodity in a civilization that was learning more and more to live by a purchase economy. Mr. Howard's thoroughly documented record of Foster's career appropriately has an entire

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chapter headed Finances, the upshot of which is that Foster averaged something more than $1,300 a year for the period between 1849 and 1860, his productive era as a purveyor of pleasant melancholy to millions.

As a fitting companion piece, the reader is referred to Edward B. Marks's colorful account of Tin Pan Alley from the nineties until today. However, in this second volume we have not a monograph but a panorama, an endless procession of agitated and unstable bohemians who quickly manufactured the raw materials of sentiment into salable objects, generally marketed with some song publisher for ten or fifteen dollars a few hours after their production. The one aim of these individualistic entrepreneurs, each of whom carried about a more or less efficient song factory in his head, was to turn out a commercially useful product. Working in close touch with the stage performers, or the orchestras and singers of the amusement dives, they had the most inexorable test to go by—the delight or jeers of extremely vocal audiences. Originality meant nothing: any work that caught the public fancy was immediately followed by an avalanche of imitators, each of whom attempted to abstract the factor he considered most responsible for the success of the piece, and to put together a commodity which would exemplify this factor still more intensively.

Stephen Foster was their reason for being. "Sober, they acquiesced in the fate society decreed for bohemians. Drunk, they gloried in it. Mostly they were drunk. 'Look at Foster,' they would say. Stephen Foster, their immediate predecessor, whom many of them could remember, had died in a cheap lodging-house in the Bowery, hadn't he? They considered their mode of life a confirmation of their talents, which, truthfully, were sometimes slim." The distinction between Foster and the great run of song-writers seems to have lain in the fact that whereas they were wholly opportunistic, and would write a song for a political campaign, the new electric light, the flying machine, or any other topic of the moment which might dispose the public's interest in their favor, Foster had one underlying principle of stability: his yearning for "home" was deep and permanent. He too seized upon anything that the occasion brought to the fore; but besides, he was possessed by melancholy imaginings of the "good life," a hope for the future which, in keeping with the ways of the times, he symbolized in plaintive contemplation of things far away and long ago. As a consequence, in addition to his host of purely "popular songs," he produced "folk songs."

Though I should be hard put to state just wherein the difference between a popular song and a folk song resides, I am sure there is one, and a momentous one. Perhaps it is only in the fact that the occasions for which the folk song is written are of longer duration, and the pattern of its melodies follows more closely the patterns of experience in our childhood. Yet there is another factor that enters here. For in going through the reminiscences of Mr. Marks, and reading many titles of works which are the essence of triviality, I find that they have strangely appealing overtones, surely not present at the time of their newness. In reading again the songs a nation sang, one must vaguely recall times when he heard them sung—hence their very names possess an evocative power, quite as some odor or natural sound might have did it possess associational linkages with past events. The magical powers which Proust attributes to Vinteuil's sonata can reside as genuinely in even a dingy piece, since life itself is not dingy, and a work heard when we were emotionally involved is as truly a significant part of the "environment" as sea or hills. It is perhaps for this reason that even a folk song, if written today, might have to incorporate something of the purely popular songs which were heard in the past.

The Foster volume is a piece of research rather than biography in the Strachey manner. It is a valuable contribution

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to the Foster archives, written by one whose understanding of Foster's gifts and limitations is obvious. The Marks volume is a good-natured and haphazard survey of a turbulent era as revealed in one of its most barometric groups, men who lived by their "weather eye" alone, who speculated as keenly on the daily fluctuations of the market as any in-and-out trader on the curb. But its narrator has been close to his subject for so long, having been in the song-publishing business through many decades, that he often speaks with great shrewdness, as witness this diagnosis of the decay of the minstrel show:

> Mock dignity that grew upon its practitioners until it became real; grotesque exaggeration that mocked a vanishing ideal! When manners flourished in America, their amiable parodists were loved. When the substance departed, the shadow might not linger. It was not that the jokes were old. It was not that the public had seen too many minstrel shows. The public had not tired of them in the previous fifty years. The specialty acts that constituted the olio of the minstrel show continued in the form of vaudeville. The tear-jerking balladists still operate over the radio, and there has been no cessation of trick and soft-shoe dancing. No, the minstrel show passed because the public lost the courtesy which was the underlying motif of the whole institution. The humor of the highfalutin interchange between Mr. Interlocutor and Mr. Bones survives, but its audience has vanished. "What the hell are they batting about?" became the reaction of twentieth-century audiences to these high incongruities. "Get on with the show." And so they kept the tinsel specialty jewels and threw away the gracious antique setting.

Surely this paragraph is a remarkably acute critical appraisal of the relationship between an art form and a social background. The minstrel show was a comedy of manners, largely precommercial manners; it flourished while the manners were breaking under the impact of new demands but had not yet broken—and then for a time this art form survived vestigially after the manners had passed. Gradually the "irrelevant" features were eliminated entirely until today the minstrel show could appeal only as a "revival," not as the parody of an era, but as its restoration.

KENNETH BURKE

Recent Fiction

Bloody Mary's. By Geoffrey Dennis. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

In his first novel, "Mary Lee," Mr. Dennis wrote the story of a little girl who was beaten, starved, mocked, and left alone, all in the name of the Lord. But the glass slipper descended properly to her at last, and Cinderella married the Prince. In "Bloody Mary's," the Cinderella is a little boy at a boys' boarding school, at first the pariah of the school, at last its hero. And in between, the beatings and the mocking and the loneliness are all there and all recede gradually to a pleasant triumph. Around the little boy Abel's progress, and enriching it on every side, is the history of Queen Mary's Grammar School at Batling. It is the story of a boy at school, told by a man whose memory must extend back over some thirty-odd years. And in the interval the school doubtless underwent a heightening of character—it seems a little finer and a little crueler and a little more picturesque, and its headmaster's sticks grew more knobs on them in the imagination than they ever wore in fact, and his great height and prodigious learning and dashing rubricity of hair and beard have all been accentuated with time. This, of course, is to pay Mr. Dennis a high compliment: for we should never complain that his novel world was not really quite as fine or as bad as he made it if we did not believe firmly that it did in some form exist. Its credibility therefore, is to be commended: its pitiful picture of Abel in his first year when he had not a friend; its recounting of the most significant part of the lives of a group of boys—their lives at school. And behind it, as in "Mary Lee," is the shadow of Dissentist theology, as dour and rude a faith as ever child was beaten for. It may be a comment on the compelling power of this faith that Mr. Dennis is likely to be more convincing when he tells of the sufferings of his characters than when he comes to their triumphs. But he is never sentimental or flabby, and at his best he displays real pity and power.

Here Today and Gone Tomorrow. By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

In these four long short stories Mr. Bromfield has set his initials to the record of the 1920's, not indelibly but in a quickened pace that appropriately leaves one as excited and unsatisfied as the frivolous hours of that decade left those who survived them. Not indelibly, because Mr. Bromfield's speakeasy folk, his international-hotel Lowensteins and Kreugers, his de luxe transatlantic passengers, and his beauty-contest girls are too skimpy samples to give any complete idea of the whole multifigured pattern of those years or of that pattern's true meaning. They are the least of its gilt threads. Moreover, in his attempts to be earnestly realistic Mr. Bromfield eschews certain plausible means for prolonging his characters' lives as vigorously as any member of the happy-ending school fought shy of sadness and death. He writes glibly: dialogue, narration, and character sketches come easily to him; but this book only increases his security among the better *Saturday Evening Post* school—a little above Mrs. Rinehart and a good deal below Mr. Hergesheimer.

Belly Fulla Straw. By David Cornel DeJong. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

If there is no vanity mixed with pride and self-respect, and the ego is not wholly rewarded by material success, and memory is not short, and the flaws in the opportunities which the United States boastfully offers the immigrant are only too apparent, then, to judge from this first novel, there can be extreme differences in the Americanization of Dutchmen. Harmen Idema was no failure in the American sense. He established his family in the new country and made enough to retire to Holland when he was fifty. But he returned alone, despised, except for one daughter, by his children, because of a wisdom and humaneness their American education prohibited them from understanding. Direct, honorable, and uninhibited, with a hatred for the façade of conventional religion, Harmen had no time for the American sins of the spirit. The opportunism and hypocrisy of his new environment never confused or submerged him; he simply had a fine distaste for them because he had known things which better suited him. Mr. DeJong tells his story fluently, with discrimination for character and a watchful care for the burden his sentences must carry. His novel deserves to be read, not as a repetition of a familiar indictment of America—which to Mr. DeJong's credit is a tertiary concern—but as the story of the man Harmen, neither martyr nor hero, but one of the most sympathetic human beings in this year's crop of novels. The title expresses a characteristic which Dutchmen who have been in the United States over six months find to be an inevitable and conspicuous condition in all their more newly arrived countrymen.

[John Strachey's review of "The Economy of Abundance," by Stuart Chase, did not arrive in time to be included in the present issue. Two other reviews announced for this week were crowded out for lack of space. These three reviews will appear in early subsequent issues.]

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Architecture

The "Fortress" Homes of Vienna

WHAT sort of a home was Karl Munichreiter, the shoemaker of Vienna, defending when they dragged him out heavily wounded, and, wounds and all, took him to the scaffold to be hanged?

Reports from the victors say that this home—assuming that he was captured in one of the workers' "strongholds"—was a fort. They say that clever leaders planned them in this fashion, because the big structures dominated the industrial centers where the workers worked, and because the walls were capable of stopping rifle bullets. Yet any house in Vienna will stop bullets if built of masonry, and so will any house in America if the masonry is not just a veneer. And machine-gun emplacements in apartment houses—see the peace-time papers of Chicago or New York!

More important than the question whether these houses were forts is the fact, of which Mr. Birchall of the New York *Times* reminded a thoughtless public, that the same people in Vienna who are now talking about the "forts" were publicly of the opinion, just a week earlier, that the same structures were jerry-built contrivances so flimsy that a few years would see them fall apart. So whatever the houses were, it was wrong, and whatever might have been done by the people who built the houses was wrong too. First they were wrong for dividing their "workers' paradise" entirely among their own people, and then when the shooting began they were wrong again because among the occupants there were many others, not their own people, who were put in danger.

Such inconsistency points straight to hatred; hatred why? First we had better get a more objective picture of what the workers' "paradise" really was. Judged by the standard of its apartments, heaven itself is fairly modest for the Austrian. I have been in these apartments and have analyzed their plans. Over half of them consisted of a small bedroom, a living room, and a kitchen. One-eighth consisted of a single room with kitchenette, in total space equivalent to about eleven by twenty feet. They were equipped generally with individual stoves (no central heating) and individual toilets replacing the old system of one toilet to the floor; but *none* had a private bath or even a shower. You went to the large municipal bathing establishments for that; and although for the tourist these establishments were imposing monuments, their very presence testified to a lower standard than we would ever accept as "model" in America, lower than was admitted in Frankfort, Germany.

This modesty derived from the fact that the builders in Vienna, when they said that they would house the ordinary humble man, really meant him and not the fellow next above. There was a certain swank about the enterprise, to be sure. The great buildings of the first period, before the national government took away the right of land condemnation, had vast handsome exteriors; and the interiors throughout were orderly and clean; but all this came money-free. This aspect of architecture, being a gift from the planner's heart and brain, always does come money-free. There was a good deal of sunlight and fresh air, and out in the great courts there were playgrounds and green grass; but that came cheaply too. For in Vienna the main thing that had eliminated the light and air previously was not so much the money cost as the mental effort required of the ordinary builder to arrange his plans. "These people," so the usual builder came to explain it to himself, were getting as good as they deserved, and were probably quite happy anyway.

Note—The Nation's Radiotorial Board presents on April 25, over WEVD (1300 k.) at 8 P.M. Professor A. A. Berle, Jr., N. Y. City Chamberlain, Morris L. Ernst, Member N. Y. State Banking Board, and Dorothy Van Doren, Associate Editor of The Nation.

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As for the kindergartens and the libraries that knit the new buildings into communities, their cost was a mere nothing compared to what the guides can show you in Vienna by way of villas and palaces.

It is not to be inferred that the real-estate interests of Vienna, if in the past they had interfered with human health and survival, or if their slums were reputedly the worst in Europe, had harbored an evil intent. The owners were not inhuman but altogether human. They had been ready at any time to proceed with new building or "slum clearance," but there had always been a fatal bar at the particular moment. This bar was the threat to "existing investments." The time when the new work would threaten no such damage to "investments" was a time that never seemed to come—not for a hundred years and not for four hundred. Some of the tenements in Vienna must have been fully four hundred years old.

That the new work, in the face of such natural obstacles, was able to proceed at all was due to an emergency that involved survival itself. The circumstances are seldom fully explained in the literature of "housing." The industries of Austria had been deprived by the Treaty of Versailles of their domestic market. Austria was now a mere rump, and was obliged to export, therefore, against everybody's tariffs. Consequently Austrian industry was no longer able to pay a living wage, while its workers inhabited what was left behind by a dynasty of Hapsburgs plus four years of war and non-building. For these workers to survive at all it was essential that they have new homes; and these homes—for people drawing starvation wages—were something that the ordinary rules of real estate and of profitable building were simply unable to provide, though every incentive was given. I impute the Vienna municipal program, which went outside the ordinary rules, largely to "industry" for the reason that in a capitalist country "Socialist" enterprises can exist only upon the tolerance or with the assistance of a strong faction of the regular business community.

And it was this tolerance by industrialists and business men that was ultimately withdrawn. For as the work progressed it was found that more and more of the accepted rules had to be broken. It was necessary not only to tax, but to see that the taxes actually sucked at juicy turnips and not at dry ones. It was necessary rigidly to limit rents. And, finally, the computations showed what every technician in every country knows but scarcely dares admit—namely, that such a large-scale venture, for people of no "means," could afford only the very lowest interest charge or none at all. The municipality did not default. That, being more according to custom, might have been more acceptable. The municipality simply refused to borrow. It paid cash. It raised houses for 50,000 families previously living in ruins, but in the accepted sense all the huge volume of construction represented no "investment." And, curiously, the more the rules of "investment" that are supposed to make for "prosperity" were broken, the more tangibly prosperous was the population. Though the municipality was under no new debt to bond-holders, two-thirds of the people felt themselves under a debt of gratitude and affection to the municipality and to Mayor Seitz.

It was this success against the rules, if an opinion may be ventured, that added insult to what was already injury. It was heresy against the religion of competitive "investment" and debt as a means of getting things done, at the very moment when debt from the outside had Austrian business men by the scruff of the neck, and consequently taxes really pinched. The shooting was only the culmination of a long and international war against the houses and what they stood for. In Vienna, architecture, the great peaceful art, the domestication of the earth, has for the moment succumbed. Austria is not to be half and half, but all slave. The victors will patch up the holes, and run it all after a fashion. Their discomfiture now that responsibility is theirs has already become evident. But their failure in technique is to be called the "will of God." It was the inquisitor who hanged Karl Munichreiter, shoemaker of Vienna.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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Drama

Spring Is Here

W. S. GILBERT is the only playwright of his age whose works are even endurable on the stage today. What is more, he is, in America at least, very clearly the world's most popular dramatist. His works are produced at least four times as often as those of Shakespeare, and most of us who go professionally to the theater have seen "The Mikado" a good deal more frequently than we have seen "Hamlet." Indeed, matters have reached a point where those who like to hold a correct opinion are in something of a quandary, for the cult of the Savoyards is by no means exclusive. It is large enough to be almost vulgar, and some of the ultras would no more confess a liking for "Pinafore" than they would be caught making a quotation from "Alice in Wonderland"—which they regard as a comparable example of suburban whimsicality. Others, however, are made of sterner stuff. They will continue to hold Gilbert and Sullivan in a high, very particular sort of esteem even if the whole world insists upon agreeing with them.

As for myself I confess that I belong to this latter group. As the revivals come around, year after year, I watch carefully for any signs of boredom, any tendency to exercise that privilege of staying at home which even a dramatic critic can occasionally claim. But so far I have watched in vain and I am glad to report that other members of the audience continue to seem as well pleased as I. Nor do we indefatigable enthusiasts lack recruits. It is true that certain parents have told me how their miserable children found the music and the action too slow for temperaments developed in the more orgiastic atmosphere of today, and even—in one repulsive case—how a too sophisticated infant complained against the general innocence of Gilbert's words and Sullivan's melodies. But these, I conclude, did not really speak for the whole of the younger generation, and I note that the audience is by no means composed exclusively of graybeards. Last night, I like to think, someone heard "In silence dread" for the first time and discovered that "Hail, hail, the gang's all here" are not the right words for a familiar tune.

In certain external respects Gilbert's formula is repetitious

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enough. When he discovered an effective device he was not a man to forget it. The pirates, the peri, the aesthetes, and the Orientals are all essentially similar excuses for contrasting something fantastic with something very matter of fact. The heavy dragoons, the policemen, and the chorus of peers are all the same group of very manly men designed to stomp about the stage in pursuit of the same group of fragile Victorian maidens. But the repeated joke does not seem to grow stale and the satire lasts for the very reason that it is, for the most part, based upon classic themes hardly more novel then than now. Gilbert's thrusts at pompous functionaries, dishonest lawyers, and trembling policemen probably never hurt anyone very much and most of them were not intended to. If he had attacked any evil likely to be remediable, his skits might have achieved their purpose and lost their interest, but they last because they were doomed to be ineffectual and to leave the victims they joked about always with us. Your Shaw does good and becomes a bore. Gilbert had the excellent judgment to satirize only invincible antagonists who can be punctured every spring and still remain with us to be deflated again the following year. Whatever pleasure one gets out of him is pure pleasure and nothing else.

The company now engaged upon a series of revivals is almost identical with that which Milton Aborn made familiar. It is not perfect, and for a really perfect performance there would be necessary a combination of qualities, vocal, acrobatic, and histrionic, which no human actors could possibly possess. But the company is very good if not perfect and, incidentally, gave a much better performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" than it had given of "The Mikado" during the first week. It would, for example, be hard to imagine a better singing of "Did ever maiden wake" than that achieved by Vivian Hart, and William Danforth is, as always, very funny. Now current is a double bill composed of "Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

ROSE M. STEIN is research secretary of the League for Social Justice of Pittsburgh. She has recently been reporting labor news from the tri-State area for the *New Republic* and the Federated Press.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is manager of the London bureau of the New York *Jewish Morning Journal.*

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is director of the Open Road.

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as critic, editor, and poet.

LIONEL ABEL describes himself as a poet with a recalcitrant muse. His work has appeared in *Pagany,* the *New World Monthly,* and other literary reviews.

FLORENCE CODMAN contributes reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE has contributed reviews and critical articles to the *Symposium.*

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KENNETH BURKE, author of "Counter-Statement" and "Toward a Better Life," is preparing a philosophical-psychological work on the subject of meaning.

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